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## THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1869.

### SHALL WE HAVE AN EMPIRE?

IS there any real danger that an empire will be established among us? It is a significant fact of the times that the question is now very often asked. This may mean much or little, but people are not apt to ask each other if there will be a storm unless they see clouds in the sky; and he who has not thought of the matter before instantly looks upward when the question is put to him. It is probably true that most Americans, when interrogated on this "imperial theme," still answer with an incredulous smile. Yet it is certainly true that in the clubs, and in private society, in the streets, in saloons, in churches, and in theatres, the topic has of late been discussed with as much anxiety as mirth, and that there are some who have begun to persuade themselves that no possible evils of an empire could be greater than those under which the country now labors. What is there, ask such malcontents, that an empire could work to our prejudice which cannot be—nay, is not—effected under the republic? Would an empire bring heavy taxation? We pay already more than the people of imperial France, and are worse off in this than the French, that we see little or nothing in the way of public improvements for our money. Would an empire bring corruption, misappropriation of national funds, sacrifice of public for private interests? It is inconceivable that a single ruler either could or would harm us more in this wise than do our present despotic legislative assemblies. Would the administration of justice be less secure, would a greater number of murderers and thieves escape punishment, would there be less oppression from legal delays and impediments than at present, under an empire than under a republic? Experience does not justify an affirmative. There are more evils of these sorts in the United States to-day than in France. An elective judiciary and a defective code are about as effectual here in producing them as the worst conceivable system under an autocrat. Are our streets cleaner, our personal rights better guarded, our average happiness better secured under a thoroughly selfish, ignorant, and unscrupulous oligarchy—for, putting euphemisms aside, it is just such a government that we are living under—than under the benignant sway of a possible Augustus?

Such are some of the views and arguments of the imperialists; and, waiving for the time the weighty considerations to be brought against them, and which we have so far left untouched, let us glance at some of the circumstances that have arisen to inspire distrust of democratic institutions, and to prompt discussion in behalf of institutions so opposite. In the first place, if we divest ourselves of national prejudice, we shall have no great difficulty in believing that, given the opportunity, offshoots from either of the other great European nations would have no greater trouble to-day in setting up and carrying out the principles of 1776-83 than our English forefathers had. Geographical position, limited numbers, abundant lands, freedom from traditional bonds and limitations, and a little stimulating tyranny from the mother country were admirably adapted to bring about the result they did, and with Germans, French, Irish, or Spanish to-day, other things being equal, the result would doubtless be the same. But the foreign element is not so far advanced as what we call the Anglo-Saxon element after all; and since in some respects—if not in others—we have been advancing since the Revolution, the increasing foreign immigration of later years has made a mixture advantageous industrially, but politically incongruous, and not without qualities of danger. The leaven of ignorance has been thrown into the mass faster than average education has kept pace with it; and it is an incontestible proof of the truth of this saying that the people of the United States are, in 1869, quietly submitting to many of the worst evils of despotism under the curious hallucination that, because their government is a republic in name, it must necessarily be one in spirit and essence. It seems to be enough for the masses that conspicuous merit of any but the shopkeeping sort should be invariably abased, discouraged, or ignored. This price regularly paid, a body like the United States Senate or the New York Legislature may do with impunity what no living monarch would dare to do in the way of robbery and oppression, and the crowd will throw up their caps and call it liberty. This would scarcely have happened in 1776. We have grown richer, more numerous, and in some particulars, we fear, more ignorant. We have not grown in independence of thought, and universal suffrage has not added to our moral elevation.

In plain sooth, the age of sensuality, of unchecked corruption, of dense, crass ignorance is coming down upon us like night. A free press should have given more notes of warning than it has; but the press dislikes, in a free country, to print unpalatable truth, even when it discerns such truth, and the journals that profess "fearless devotion to principle" are notoriously the ones whose articles betray the most laborious solicitude to catch the applause and flatter the prejudice of the greatest number. Meanwhile, at what are called our "great centres," coarse brutes, who ought to be digging railways or drawing hand-carts, lay down the law

for the whole community, and by dint of vast wealth, amassed under circumstances impossible in any other civilized country, degrade the social tone, and spread in every direction an unbridled rage for the pleasures of the senses. Intellectual elevation or ambition is scoffed at, and those who strive to inculcate a taste for better things are either hated or despised. Nothing is thought of but the delights of the table, of fine clothes, of showy dwellings and equipages—in a word, of physical raptures of every description. If there is a pretence at anything else—whether in the pulpit, in the theatre, or in literature—the pill must be gilded so as to appear "sensational." All this is so widely admitted, so shamefully notorious, that its recital is trite enough; we repeat it merely in elucidation of the subject under discussion. It is impossible, when people think all things of their bodies and nothing of their minds, that either a democratic or any other pure form of government can long be maintained. Unless a great change comes over the American people, it will not be maintained by themselves. They are rushing toward the precipice at railway speed, and the universal corruption that good men deplore is the prelude of a decomposition which is as certain as fate. To arrest so deplorable a process and save the state, we naturally turn to the "best intellects of the country;" but where are they?

New England has long been said to be, and has long claimed to be, the head of the body politic, but she does little enough to arrest mischiefs for which she is, however, in a great degree responsible. Instead of encouraging and rewarding independence of thought, New England has abandoned herself to all manner of cunning forms of conservatism and self-worship. In the political arena her statesmanship seems either utterly stagnant or diverted into the grooves of profitable jobbery. Mental activity in her scholastic circles seems limited to the efforts of insular magnates to slobber each other with unmerited praise, to the pæans of college poetasters over the writers of dull articles, and to the emasculated ecstasy of the writers of dull articles over the doggerel of their collegiate eulogists. This, and stuff begotten of the same impulses and woven of the same thread, makes up the staple of what is called the influential literature of New England. Men without cerebellums, and so without originality, and women who fancy themselves geniuses because no one either knows enough or has courage enough to tell them the truth, are in effect the rulers of the "head of the nation." The result is, that when the nation is really in peril from an accumulation of dangers its head is about as able to protect its body, on emergency, as that of a sickly lunatic. Money-worship, body-worship, and cant-worship are what are destroying the moral health of the country, and fanatics, of whatever grade of culture, are unlikely to find it a cure. But does cure lie in imperialism? Not necessarily, certainly. It is not yet apparent that the disease is so desperate as to require so desperate a remedy. Yet, that a remedy is indispensable is daily becoming more obvious, and it is not strange that some eyes should have turned toward a crown and sceptre as promising relief from what they deem the intolerable burdens and abuses of the present republic. How far a change, if change is inevitable, will be under popular control, and how far it is likely to be independent of the wishes of the people, will form a proper subject for future consideration.

### BEECHER ON PROTECTION.

"IS Saul also among the Prophets?" was the inquiry of the startled Israelites when the divine afflatus temporarily rested upon the wayward son of Kish; and a similarly half-incredulous, half-contemptuous question might well be asked by the protectionists on learning that Beecher had joined the free-traders. "Alas! alas! how are the mighty fallen." The occasion on which the great popular preacher announced the change in his views on the tariff was a meeting held in the Brooklyn Athenæum, on Monday evening, the 12th inst., to hear a lecture on free trade by Mr. Arthur L. Perry, professor of political economy in Williams College. Mr. Beecher had been invited to preside over the large and highly respectable audience which assembled, partly, no doubt, to hear Professor Perry's lucid *exposé* of the fallacies of protection, but mainly attracted by the curiosity to learn the strategic reasons which have compelled the political divine to change his base. Nor were anticipations doomed to be disappointed. Mr. Beecher was in good form and spoke well and pointedly. His manner savored a trifle too much, perhaps, of the flavor of the sanctuary, and he fell into the pardonable mistake of calling the proceedings the "services of the evening;" but it is quite impossible for him to make a really bad speech if he tried to do so, and his points were well selected and telling, and many of his hits and illustrations witty and felicitous. To those who hear him for the first time, Mr. Beecher's ordinary tones are somewhat disappointing; his voice does not correspond with his portly presence, but is thin, hard, and brassy, lacking volume, and possessing little richness or purity of tone, and it is only when he shakes off a certain sluggishness which appears to surround the outer man that one can form a true conception of what his vocal capacity really is. In telling a droll story, however, his voice is very effective, and a rich, quaint, nasal twang which is then perceptible, the rollicking expression of the eye, and the involuntary muscular action of the face puckering up the corners of his mouth, never fail to excite irrepressible outbursts of laughter in those who have the good fortune to see them.

On the free-trade question Mr. Beecher defined his position as still vague and uncertain. He confessed that he was almost but not quite



persuaded to cast in his lot with the leaders of the new movement. He acknowledged that he had shaken off his old shackles and forsaken the high tariff party to which he formerly belonged, but had not got any farther than that middle debatable land lying between the two extremes of rigid protection and absolute free-trade, though he threw out the suggestion that as he was travelling away from one of these points it was not difficult to see whither his steps were tending. We confess that this feeling—this reluctance to turn square round in a new direction—is very natural and very excusable. We none of us like to acknowledge that we have been mistaken, that we have been walking abroad with our eyes blindfolded, that our prejudices have warped our judgment; but we much mistake Mr. Beecher's character if, when once convinced as to the right or wrong of any particular line of conduct, he remains open to the scathing rebuke of the great Tishbite, "How long halt ye between two opinions?" At present he sees "men as trees walking;" soon his vision will be clearer and his course more plain, and the great free-trade mass meeting which will shortly be held in the Cooper Institute in this city, and at which we understand Horatio Seymour, Mr. Beecher, and other prominent speakers are expected to be present, will afford him an opportunity of again rehearsing his political creed, and enable those who are watching his career to gauge more accurately his development in free-trade principles. One thing, however, is certain, that the accession of Mr. Beecher to the free-trade movement marks an important era in its progress. It is a sign that the thinking members of the old protectionist party are beginning to see that high tariffs for fostering home industries are a delusion and a snare, and are awaking to the fact that the current of public opinion is setting strongly in a contrary direction. Already we know the young men of the Republican party—the men of life and energy, those who in the next decade will exert the greatest influence in shaping our national policies—are imbued with free-trade principles. They see—what is tolerably self-evident—that on this question our elections must shortly turn, and doubt the policy of letting the Democrats sweep the country with a free-trade ticket.

Our own views on this growing subject are too well known, and have been too frequently enforced in these columns, to need reiteration now; we content ourselves with simply for the present endorsing the propositions laid down by Mr. Beecher. We agree with him that the doctrine of free-trade in its most succinct form is "absolute liberty in trade and commerce"—the maximum of individual freedom with the minimum of government control; that trade and commerce thrive better in the long run when built up by private enterprise than when fostered by government interference; that tariffs are never free from political influences, and are liable to constant changes highly detrimental to commerce; that under a protective policy it is impossible for the government to treat all classes impartially—the great swollen interests of the country, already rich, already mighty in their power, will be foremost and most successful in securing subsidies, while the feeble interests, that most need protection, if any do, go to the wall; and that "the attempt to regulate the industries of a country by a high tariff tends to demoralize the people as it does to debauch the government." On these strong positions Mr. Beecher may safely take his stand in the vanguard of the movement now on foot, not this time as of old, when he fought to emancipate the negro from his servile chains, but to free trade and commerce from the blighting thralldom of bloated and rapacious capitalists.

#### A SERPENT'S TOOTH.

IF there is one thing more unhesitatingly conceded than another, by those whose birth and education among us give them the best opportunity of judging, it is the immense and incontestable superiority in all respects, moral, political, and social, of Americans over all the rest of mankind. We do not often argue about it; we never attempt to prove it. One would as soon think of proving that water was wet, or an essay on the Greek particles dry; that two and two make four; or any other self-evident proposition. But it is a truth which we are fond of dwelling on without undue inflation, but with a certain degree of modest pride, that whatever is American, is, by that very fact, not only good but the best of its kind. The idea which the national poet imaginatively sets forth in styling, by a figure of rhetoric, "Columbia the gem of the ocean," common speech more vigorously if more rudely expresses by the triumphant assertion that the 'tarnal Yankee nation can lick all creation. Not only in the material arts, in the humbler handicrafts, in the excellence of our patent bootjacks and the incomparable advantages of our world-defying self-adjusting nut-crackers, in the majesty of our pumpkins and the sublimity of our cotton prints, is this superiority manifest; but even more in our cultivation of the abstract sciences and the higher arts, in the perfection of our national polity—the best government the world ever saw—in the loftiness of our architecture, in the vastness of our historical paintings, in the fecundity and originality of our national literature. Most of all do we feel a just complacency in our complete and exhaustive mastery of all the resources and appliances of modern culture, in the brilliancy of our conversation, in the refinement and delicacy of breeding, the courtliness of manner, the combination of all social graces, which even the lowest among us constantly exhibit. In short, it is matter of common notoriety from the Andros-coggin to the Rio Grande, and wherever the *Tribune* is read, that Americans

are the cleverest, the most virtuous, the best educated, the handsomest, the politest people on the globe.

Of course the knowledge of this distasteful pre-eminence must naturally excite the envy of less favored communities. We are prepared for some degree of asperity and injustice in the opinions of foreigners who visit us and who are forced to contrast the prosperity and cultivated splendor of our free and happy land with the squalor and ignorance they have left behind them. But the intelligent native observer, whose natural candor and astuteness have never been deteriorated by contamination with the grossness and blind prejudice of an effete despotism, and who remembers the unvarying impartiality and kindness with which his travelled countrymen discuss the most obnoxious features of foreign lands, must feel that there is something more than honest jealousy in the malignity and falsehood of the aspersions which every strange visitor casts upon our admirable institutions and our irreproachable manners. Beginning with Mr. Dickens and going down the descending scale of vulgar detraction with Mrs. Trollope, Captain Marryatt, Captain Basil Hall, Mr. Guy Livingstone Lawrence, and Mr. Arthur Sketchley Rose, what a flood of inky calumny have not these ungrateful barbarians poured forth upon us in return for our lavish and free-hearted hospitality! To be sure, there was M. De Tocqueville, who said some handsome things about us, and Mr. Hepworth Dixon tried hard to conceal his evident bitterness, and Professor Goldwin Smith was almost fulsome in his anxiety to be just. But then who minds what Professor Goldwin Smith says? And even Mr. Dilke must have his gird at us, must find fault with us for the men and mules he failed to see from his car-windows; must, with characteristic British impertinence, speak disrespectfully of our poor Southern whites, whom we know to be among the noblest and purest and most patriotic of men; must even sneer at our oldest university because of her janitors' uniform, which exists only in his imagination, and the mythical gates of her supposititious fences. Last of all comes Madame Audouard, and gives us the unkindest cut of all. She, whose conferences at the Union League Theatre we crowded to hear and to partially understand, whose portrait we printed in all our illustrated papers, and whose life and history, to the minutest and most private incidents, we magnanimously published throughout the land; she, whose toilettes we celebrated, whose coiffures we made famous, whose hotel bills we helped to pay; she, whom all our daily journals unstintingly praised as the most intellectual, the most fascinating, the loveliest of women—that is to say, of French women, of course—even she, to use a homely but expressive national idiom,—even she goes back on us. Scarcely has she returned to her own corrupt and miserable capital than, forgetful of all the benefits we showered upon her, forgetful of the praises of our press, of the dinners and dollars of our *haut ton*, forgetful even of the countenance of the *preux chevaliers* of the Loyal League, she lifts up her voice at a public meeting in the Rue Taitbout, and reviles us. She says "that nothing struck her so much in American society as the evident lack of social cleverness in the men of the United States." And the woman who could say this had probably enjoyed the delights of familiar intercourse with Mr. Beecher and Mr. George Francis Train; had perhaps had opportunities of failing to converse with Mr. Greeley; had certainly mingled with all that we have best of intellect and culture and elegance in the brilliant saloons of the Madison Avenue Club House; had possibly listened to the refined and polished badinage that enlivens the halls of Congress. But this is not the worst. From behind the skirts of our women she makes another dastardly stab at their brothers and husbands and lovers. "The women," she says, "with few exceptions, move with the greatest ease and grace in the ballroom [mark the invidious qualification]; but the men, with rare exceptions, are awkward and extremely vulgar." At what ball, we beg to ask, could her judgment have been formed? Was it at the French ball, or the Mi-Carême, or the Opera Masquerade? Was it at the ball of the Tammany Troupe, or the French Artistes, or the Terpsichorean Divertissement of the Chiffonier Fusileers? And could she have failed on any of these occasions, when the cream of metropolitan society was gathered together, to notice the grace and ease with which the *can-can* was danced by men, American men, in a way to put her own boasted Mabelle to the blush? Could she have neglected to observe the captivating abandon and airy gayety which pervaded those radiant reunions with an atmosphere of poetic loveliness that Paris might be proud to equal? Has she ever danced with any one of a hundred Adonises who lead the German nightly for the *Fireside Flunky*? Has she ever seen James Fisk, Jr.?

We do not pause for a reply: we scorn a reply; we turn proudly to the swelling splendor of our starry banner and read our answer there. For Madame Audouard we have only pity, not wrath—pity for the exalted estimation from which she has just toppled herself in every American heart. But there is one feature of the demonstration in the Rue Taitbout which has a more portentous significance. Without a single word or gesture of rebuke the libel was listened to, and so virtually endorsed. Not a single hiss, not one timely missile, warned the imprudent speaker that she was trespassing too far. We do not know that the audience cheered; the probability is that they did cheer with all a petty people's vehement malice this outrageous defamation of a great one. But silence gives consent, and we respectfully ask the attention of the Secretary of State and of the nation to this fresh insult, to this new provocation to a too long delayed war. The time is propitious; the tyrant trembles on his throne; together let Mexico and the Rue Taitbout be at once avenged.

THE MUSICAL SEASON.

A MUSICAL season which, apart from the Italian opera, and perhaps in consequence of the eclipse of that institution, has been one of the most brilliant we have ever known, is winding up with the final soirées of the various amateur societies. Some of these associations are intended purely for mutual improvement, and in them part-music is principally studied; others are but aggregations of the pupils of a particular teacher of singing, who, singing being essentially an imitative art, are greatly aided in their progress by such opportunities of trying their strength and measuring themselves by one another. The amount of talent displayed in this direction is a thing to be wondered at, when we hear ladies whose home duties are known to be admirably fulfilled executing cavatins with the facility of artists, and observe those on whom the actual work of charitable boards chiefly falls finding time not only to sing but to speak in good Italian. The life of a teacher of music is a very arduous one, and seldom highly remunerated or considered; the people who hear a charming singer, and applaud and compliment in return for the pleasure she gives them, seldom caring to think that all those beautiful inflections and intonations have passed through two anxious brains before they reached the pretty white throat from which they are pouring—one that of the composer, whose heroine's "gioja" or "dolor" is intended to relieve the more serious parts of the opera, and the other that of the quiet elderly man who hurries or retards his accompaniment with every varying need of his pupil, and who has nicely calculated beforehand exactly how much she may do or dare. But if the public does not appreciate the labors of the directors, the clubs and the pupils do, and unexpected presentations, handsome diamond rings, jewels hidden in bouquets, and gracious and graceful speeches have made some of these final meetings especially interesting.

On Thursday, the 8th inst., a most delightful concert took place in Fourteenth Street, and the singing was so good all through as to surprise even those who knew what this club had been doing during the winter. The choral music was chiefly remarkable for the sweetness and beauty of the tone produced; a merit which in these days cannot be too highly commended. Among the selections were a terzetto from *Nabucco*, the one of Verdi's operas which, not often given as a whole now that Ronconi no longer sings the great tragic part, yet offers the largest number of detached pieces suitable for concert singing. Another trio by Gabussi, and the popular one from Nicolai's *Falstaff*, were also capitally rendered, and the solo singing was too uniformly good to make distinctions possible. A performance not in the programme created some sensation, being that of a pianist recently arrived, who will doubtless soon be heard in public, and who unites wonderful powers of execution with much grace and musical feeling.

The third private concert of the club, which has carried part-music for male voices to a pitch of refinement that the musical world highly appreciates, took place on Wednesday, the 14th. The singing was as clear, as precise, as exquisitely finished as usual, and some wise management must be exercised to secure in a club, many of whose members are frequently absent, the admirable balance of the parts which this society always attains. A fiery part-song by Kücken was uncommonly fine, but the audience was still more taken with the exquisitely graduated *crescendo* and *diminuendo* in a little chorus by Grètry. The music was all well translated into English, and was far from deserving the oburgations we lately uttered upon most recent translations, yet we could not but observe that, as usual, the syllables were too numerous, and the singers pressed in their utterance; and the constant practice of such rapid, and so to speak *instrumental*, music has resulted, and always must result, in producing hardness and dryness of tone. The programme was an admirable one, consisting strictly of chamber music by the best German writers. Three short *lieder* of Schumann's, so short, so poetical, so tender that they were more like the unpremeditated breathings of a high musical intelligence than regular songs, were sung by a young lady who, if not a great performer, showed herself to be that much rarer thing, a fine musician; and Mr. Von Tuten played some fragments by Chopin, Mendelssohn, and Schumann in a manner which filled up satisfactorily the intervals of rest which were, half-unwillingly, accorded to the club.

It needs only to point to the existence of more than one club of amateur instrumentalists capable of doing justice to symphonic works to show the high degree of musical culture we have reached. The gentlemen who gave us a symphony of Haydn's on Saturday, the 17th, at Apollo Hall, did justice to a name omitted from the public programmes of the season, and by the excellence of their rendering afforded their closely-packed audience a great pleasure. Amateurs do not, of course, give themselves to the study of instruments of percussion, and these, and some of the wind instruments, were in professional hands. So, too, the violoncello solo in Suppé's overture to *Poet and Peasant* was played, beautifully of course, by Mr. Bergner; but by the firm support they gave him, and by the force and coherence of their playing all through the following *stretta*, the strings did themselves infinite credit. A fantasie of De Beriot's was also given with much elegance and feeling, and after some fair singing, and after the invited audience had shown themselves as inconsiderate as most public ones, and had forced a tenor with a slight hoarseness to repeat an effort he should never have made at all, the evening ended with Herold's overture to *Zampa*.

CROW'S FEET;

OR,  
PROLUSIONS OF THE EXPERIENCE CLUB.

By FRED. S. COZZENS.

SECOND PAPER.

"ALL here?" said George Grotius, shaking the snow-stars off his hat. "Buono! Commodore, with due respect for your opinion of the Celestials, are they not a race of thieves?"

"Upon my honor," replied the Commodore, "there is not a purer, honester, better set of people living than those same Chinamen, take them in their native state. The Yangtze, except for a short distance, had never been visited by any vessel before our expedition ascended it; and so, when we had explored several hundred miles of it, we came upon immense walled cities, vast in area and overflowing with population. Talk of the largest cities in the world! why there are many cities on the banks of the Yangtze—many, I say—that would exceed in the number of inhabitants any of the known cities of the world; exceed even those supposed to be the largest in China. And some of our officers remained several nights in these cities, in houses that were open, without guards or locks or bolts, and although surrounded by multitudes of these curious people they never missed the slightest trifle. It was just the same when the Celestials visited our ships—not a thing was touched. It is different at the seaport towns; there they have learned the noble art of stealing from the Europeans."

"Stealing, then, is not one of the customs of the Chinese?" said the Colonel, with a slight puff of his cigar.

"Not of the up-river Chinese. But they learn it easily—sooner than they acquire our religion, I can tell you. I was invited to attend service at an English Protestant church near Hong Kong, where they were happy in having thirty Chinese converts in good standing. It was a lovely Sunday morning, and we went out in palanquins through a beautiful and highly cultivated country, which called forth our admiration at every turn. At last we saw the church—a fine specimen of Celestial architecture, in among the shadowing palms, built of bamboo, bell-tower and all. Behind the sacred edifice a double row of Coolies, dressed in loose white jackets and panjammers, were at work, pulling away on two long ropes, and then letting them go, as when you ring a bell. But no bell sounded. Service had begun when we entered the church. The clergyman's family, a couple of English servants, and ourselves comprised the sum total of the congregation. We had the regular Church of England service. I looked aloft, and just above our heads was a double row of huge fans, worked by the ropes that I saw on the outside. These were to keep the congregation awake and cool. After service was over I very naturally asked where the Celestial communicants were? 'Why, didn't you see them?' they said; 'they assisted during the whole service—outside on the fan ropes.'"

"Their own religion is good enough, Commodore," growled George Grotius. "I do not mean the burning of paper prayers and other idolatries of the ignorant masses, but that which is understood and practised by the intelligent classes, the philosophical religion founded upon the ethics of Confucius."

"By gum," said Uncle Benny, "that's the very name I've been a tryin' to think on for many a day. I had a pot on 'em once—a blue chaney pot—all covered over with boats and bridges and fellers a fishin'. How do you call 'em? Epics of Confewcheeses? That's it; I had a pot of little epics put up in syrup. The dried kind ain't so good."

"—For religion, I hold," continued George Grotius, without paying any attention to Uncle Benny's sniffing interruption—"religion is but the reverential name of truth. GOD is truth itself. Therefore truth is GOD; and in the ethics of Confucius we find the awful form of truth revealed as in—"

"But they aint as good as ginger, George, be they?" interrupted Uncle Benny. "That's the place they come from—Confoochow, or so'thing like it. Epics in syrup."

"—This glorious majesty of truth can be but a revelation of Deity. Man of himself cannot utter it, so impure is his nature—"

"Whar did you git yourn?" again interrupted the elder. "If I could get a pot of 'em, I would send 'em to old Mrs. Mossbunker; she was uncommon fond of 'em."

"I always admired that homely expression of the old Quaker, that he used to stand before the people at Friends' meeting—'Like a trumpet through which the Lord speaketh.'"

"You see, Mrs. Mossbunker and me—"

"Truth is first. From truth, order—'order is Heaven's first law'—from order, justice, fitness, propriety. An orderly life implies also a just life, a wise life, a life of benevolence."

"Ef I could get a pot on 'em, just for old times, I'd send 'em to Mrs. Moss—"

"An orderly person could not do an uncharitable action, nor indulge in profanity, nor—"

"Say, George—"

"Uncle Benny," said George Grotius, not able to suppress his wrath at these constant interruptions any longer, "if you'll shut that d—d mouth of yours I'll give you five dollars."

"Order! order!" from all the members—"no swearing allowed in the Club. Mr. Grotius, pay the treasurer a dollar for violating the rules."

"I will pay the fine cheerfully; and now, doctor, I yield the floor to you. I see you have a paper in your hand. Read it."

Omnes: "Read! read!"

The doctor, with some diffidence, began, "I have prepared a brief sketch of an incident in the life of the elder Kean, which so far has escaped the notice of his biographers. I call it

"KEAN AT A WAKE."

"Child of bright genius as he was, some shades of darkness as powerfully, marked Edmund Kean's sensitive nature as the most vivid flashes of his art startled the spectators of his wonderful acting. It was to counteract the effect of these periods of despondency that he had recourse to powerful stimulants, and under their influence the nobler and more refined characteristics of the man were obscured by the same subtle agents that he employed to deaden his sense of mental pain and self-condemnation. At these times he was often bitterly sarcastic



rude, and offensive, even to his intimates, and of course unjust and suspicious, without even a pretext. In one of these fits of semi-lunacy he had touched one of the inferior actors to the quick by some bitter and insulting expressions, but as actors, even with their names in very small letters in the bills, are not always deficient in pluck, the great actor was told by the small actor that he might expect a handsome thrashing after the play was over. It is stated by those who knew Kean best that during a performance he totally abstained from any stimulants; thus it was that, as the play progressed, his mind became clearer, and he began to think of the epilogue that was to follow the tragedy. As to any fear of the consequences—so far as his own person was concerned—that did not trouble him much. Kean was a little fellow, and to look at him one might think that he could be whipped easily; but there was not a professional bruiser or shoulder-bitter of his day who would not have been the worse for attacking him. In fact, Kean, among his other various accomplishments, had learned thoroughly the noble art of self-defence.

"But Kean felt that he had insulted this man unjustly and unfairly, and he determined to apologize to him. But not just then! To ask pardon in the face of a promised whipping would not be politic. Besides, he did not wish to physically injure the poor fellow whom he had insulted. There was only one course for him to pursue—and that was to avoid the encounter. Therefore so soon as the curtain fell upon the last act of the play, and the plaudits were still thundering through the house, the great actor slipped out of the back door of the 'Old Park,' and was in Theatre Alley! The fumes of several consecutive days of dissipation had by no means 'vanished like the baseless fabric of a vision'; they had left 'a rack' behind, accompanied with a brandy-and-waterish thirst for the sublime and beautiful. The night was rainy and utterly dark. Kean was in the costume of Hamlet. He saw at a little distance the lights shining through the chinks of a large store shutter, and, finding his way to the place, rapped at the door loudly. After a pause, footsteps were heard in the hall, and a voice inside said, 'Who's there?' 'I, Hamlet the Dane!' was the reply, in a sepulchral voice. 'Are yees come to the wake?' said the voice inside. 'Wake! Wake Duncan with thy knocking,—I would thou couldst; open the door.' The door was slowly unbarred; the little low entry was dark, but a glare of light shone from an apartment. The man who admitted him had not been able to see his strange visitor in the gloom, but he led the way toward the light. His guest followed, and with one stride stood in the doorway. Dressed in black from top to toe, a star on his breast, a long black feather, saturated with rain, drooping over a face pale as death but glittering with the eyes of a basilisk, the extraordinary apparition appeared suddenly upon an Irish wake.

"Never in his palmiest days had he produced so startling an effect. The solemn crowd of poor people was huddled together around the body, and at the first sight of this unexpected visitor each hair stood up, the flesh began to creep, and each one's tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. Then rose one simultaneous yell, and the family and friends broke for the street and did not return that night. As for Kean, he coolly bolted the front door after them, and, finding that the lad in the box was generously illuminated with thirteen candles and had a fresh-made pitcher of hot Irish whiskey punch by his side, concluded to make a night of it with him. And in the morning they found everything as they had left it—Kean asleep in the chair as chief mourner of the wake, and the pitcher drained."

Mrs. Memphramagot: "Supper, gentlemen!"

## DAVIS AND LEE;

### OR, THE REPUBLIC OF REPUBLICS.

*An attempt to ascertain, from the Federal Constitution, from the acts of the pre-existent States, and from the contemporaneous expositions of the fathers, the SOVEREIGNTY, CITIZENSHIP, ALLEGIANCE, and TREASON of the United States, the obligation of the President's Constitutional Oath, and the reasons why the trial of the Confederate Chiefs was evaded. By one of the Counsel of Jefferson Davis.*

#### CHAPTER III. HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

ABOUT forty years after the federal Constitution went into effect, the perversers of the instrument began to teach, as the true meaning of it, the identical assertions made originally by its enemies to prevent its adoption. These charges were, that the Constitution purported to be made by the whole people; that it consolidated all the states into one; and that, so far as its provisions went, "so far state sovereignty was effectually controlled" by "the government." Such was the fear that these charges were true among the people of the several states, that it was with the utmost difficulty that the friends of the system saved it from defeat. Washington, Hamilton, Madison, Wilson, Dickinson, Coxe, Sherman, Ellsworth, Adams, Ames, Parsons, Patterson, Livingston, Pendleton, Marshall, and many others now immortal, met and triumphantly refuted them, asserting and proving the absolute sovereignty of the states, and the vicarious, delegative, and subordinate character of the federal government. Even then the system barely escaped defeat in the larger states, Massachusetts adopting it by a majority of 19 in a convention of 355 members; New Hampshire by a majority of 11 in 103 members; New York by a majority of 3 in 57; and Virginia by a majority of 10 in 168; while North Carolina and Rhode Island rejected it by overwhelming majorities, though they subsequently joined the Union. Indeed, Hildreth, the Massachusetts historian, thinks a majority of all the people of the states were opposed to the Constitution.

Nathan Dane, of Massachusetts, one of the original enemies of the federal system, seems to be entitled to the honor of originating this fraudulent exposition of the same. He was the Gamaliel of Story and Webster, and they were his faithful disciples. The three may be considered as the founders of the Massachusetts school, which has given ideas and arguments to what was first a faction, then an enterprising minority, and, finally, a victorious party, engaged in overthrowing constitutional liberty. The interpretations, commentaries, platforms, *obiter dicta*, etc., of this school have finally given existence to a sham or *simulacrum*, which is administered in place of the real Constitution, and serves alike to mask usurpation and tyranny and conceal from the people the lifeless remains of Freedom, "for, vampire-like, fair Freedom's foes have, in her slumber, sucked her life away, and left her throbless corse to carrion birds a prey!" Such teachings legitimately produced the traitorous claim by the general government to the "allegiance" of, and "the absolute supremacy" over, "the United States," though the said gov-

ernment is a creation of the said states, and is personally composed of their citizens and subjects. And this theory was put in practice in the recent war, for the government subjugated the states, with the very existence, powers, and war-means it held from them, as a sacred trust, and which it was bound by solemn oath to use only for their "defence" and "welfare." In this we have, *par excellence*, the *crimen læsæ majestatis*.

#### USURPED CONTROL OF SUFFRAGE.

Votes are franchises, given, of original right, by the people of a state, as a body politic, to themselves as individuals, or such of themselves as they think fit. Such votes are franchises created by original inherent power, and are instruments for, and the only means of, expressing the people's will. They, instead of the administrative agencies, are the real government of the country. By and through them the people give existence to the constitutions and so-called governments, these being personally composed of the citizens and subjects of the states. Hence a governmental right to control suffrage is absurd. As Montesquieu says: "The laws establishing the right of suffrage" are "fundamental" to the republic; and, consistently, we find all voting rights fixed originally, absolutely, and without appeal, in the organic laws of the states by the sovereign people thereof.

But the federal agency now makes revolutionary claim to the "absolute supremacy" of the country, and to the "allegiance of the states." Its dogma is that of Lincoln, namely, that the former sovereigns of the country have no *status* or rights except those reserved in the national Constitution. Of course the insignificant monads called votes are deep down in the all-swallowing maw. The people may still imagine their voting power to be above the government, but they will soon realize that they are merely to elect the directory of a corporate monarchy, and that they have about the same amount of self-government the English voters enjoy in electing their members of Parliament, and barely more than the mockery which amuses, if it does not content, the suffragists of France. It is vital to republican liberty that *the people* should retain absolute control over suffrage; for it is only a *mockery* of self-government where any other authority than the people themselves can name or control the voters. Despotism can always find tools enough to *play* the republic before the people while imperial polity is being insidiously fastened upon them. The retention by the people themselves of this control is *ipso facto* the absolute autonomy of the original sovereigns of the country under which the federal and state governments are alike agents.

#### THE AMERICAN "DIVINE RIGHT."

In addition to the misteaching of the people above mentioned, the same pious fraud has deluded them that ever was used in the Old World to reconcile the peoples to the rule of kings. It is taught that our Constitution, instead of being merely an earthly instrument, involving the political and business relations of states, is heaven-inspired, perfect, and to last for ever. Buchanan and others asserted its divine origin, and its "essential attribute of perpetuity." It reasonably follows from such premises that "the government"—as such divine institution ought to—possesses "absolute supremacy;" that "the states are bound in allegiance" to "the government;" and that "state sovereignty is effectually controlled"—the states having no *status* or rights but such as the nation, in its "supreme law," gives them. No stronger terms than these of Lincoln, Webster, and the Philadelphia Convention could possibly be used to express the sovereignty of the British, French, or Prussian governments over their provinces and people; and they are utterly baseless, and absurdly inconsistent with republican ideas.

#### THE IMPORTED THEORY OF THE SOCIAL COMPACT.

The perversers try to delude the people into ignoring the real social compact which constitutes an American state, and unwittingly adopting the exploded European theory of the social compact, wherein the people are said to agree to pay taxes and supply "the government," or monarch, with purple, fine linen, and sumptuous fare, while it or he is to govern and protect the people. And we have militarily educated and trained our Grants, McClellans, Shermands, Hancocks, Schofields, Blairs, and Sheridans, so as to have them ready to maintain by force this social compact, and show that "the army is the safety of the republic" thus formed. And these pseudo-republicans all contend that "the allegiance" both of citizens and states is due to "the government" which hires them, and is to be enforced by arms, if not voluntarily yielded. And "conservative" Seward, Liebers, Curtises, Jamesons, *Intelligencers*, *Worlds*, *et al.*, all over the country, stand ready to justify by argument these outrageous perversions of constitutional republicanism. Starting with the postulate of a social compact forming a nation, the argument of the perversers is easy, compendious, and practical. The "national Constitution" is "the supreme law of the land." This gives "the government" "absolute supremacy." The duty to protect, which devolves on the government, is coupled with the right of control, and this extends to the effectual control of state sovereignty, as well as of all the civil and political rights of the people. And though there are limits to the authority of the government which are admitted, it is claimed that these are to be determined by itself. Said Webster: "It rightfully belongs to Congress, and the courts of the United States, to settle the construction of this supreme law in doubtful cases;" that is to say, the government is (as Jefferson phrased the claim) "the exclusive and final judge as to the extent of the powers delegated to itself." And finally, "the government" has the inherent right to preserve its existence and its powers.

Here is exhibited the precise change Burke refers to as the one whereby "all the popular magistracies in the world have been perverted from their purposes," namely, "the change from an immediate state of procurator and delegation, to a course of acting as from original power." We have, as had the Romans in the time of Augustus and his successors, imperialism "disguised by the forms of a commonwealth."

#### A ROMAN CHAPTER OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

A few extracts from the third chapter of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* are apposite, instructive, and warning: "The tender respect of Augustus for a free constitution which he had destroyed, can only be explained by an attentive consideration of the character of that subtle tyrant. A cool head, an unfeeling heart, and a cowardly disposition prompted him, at the age of nineteen, to assume the mask of hypocrisy, which he never afterwards laid aside."

"When he framed the artful system of imperial authority, his moderation was inspired by his fears. He wished to deceive the people by an image of civil

liberty, and the armies by an image of civil government." "The names and forms of the ancient administration were preserved by him with anxious care. The usual number of consuls, prætors, and tribunes were annually invested with their respective signs of office, and continued to discharge some of their least important functions." "Cæsar," continues Gibbon, "had provoked his fate by ostentatiously taking the title of king, while he might have reigned as such under the title of consul or tribune. Augustus was sensible that *mankind is governed by names*; nor was he deceived in his expectation that *the senate and people would submit to slavery, provided that they were respectfully assured that they enjoyed their ancient freedom*." "To explain, in a few words, the system of the imperial government, as it was instituted by Augustus, and maintained by those princes who understood their own interest and that of the people, it may be defined as an absolute monarchy disguised by the forms of a commonwealth. The masters of the Roman world envied their throne with darkness, and humbly professed themselves the accountable ministers of the senate, whose supreme decrees they dictated and obeyed. The face of the court corresponded with the forms of the administration. The emperors, if we except those tyrants whose capricious folly violated every law of nature and decency, disdained that pomp and ceremony which might offend their countrymen but could add nothing to their real power. A feeble senate and enervated people cheerfully acquiesced in the pleasing illusion, as long as it was supported by the virtue, or even by the prudence, of the successors of Augustus. It was a motive of self-preservation, not a principle of liberty, that animated the conspirators against Caligula, Nero, and Domitian. They attacked the person of the tyrant without aiming their blows at the authority of the emperor."

In the reign succeeding that of Augustus "the assemblies of the people were for ever abolished, and the emperors were delivered from a dangerous multitude, who, without restoring liberty, might have disturbed and perhaps endangered the established government." And some of the successors of Augustus "scrupulously observed his constitutional fictions." As late as the age of the Antonines the Greek historians say that, "although the sovereign of Rome, in compliance with an obsolete prejudice, abstained from the name of king, he possessed the full measure of regal power." As imperialism became more fully established, the forms and shams were dispensed with. "The fine theory of a republic," says Gibbon, "insensibly vanished."

History has repeated itself; republicanism has perished in America, as it did in Rome. The form is left, but the soul is wanting. "Absolute supremacy" in "the government" and republican freedom cannot coexist, for the reason that the latter is the absolute right of the people to govern themselves, and to make and unmake all governments at will. If the people would enjoy freedom again, they must retake sovereignty—"peaceably if they can, forcibly if they must."

"Who would be free  
Themselves must strike the blow."

Philosophy teaches us specially, by the examples of Roman history. We find there the same perversions and usurpations, and the same destruction of liberty, in the name of liberty, that we have experienced. "Marius and Cæsar," says Gibbon, "subverted the constitution of their country, by declaring themselves the protectors of the people;" and Augustus pretended to be a servant of the people while destroying their liberty, and making himself a dictator. He established "an absolute monarchy, disguised by the forms of a commonwealth." "His successors for a while observed his constitutional fictions," but the "republic insensibly vanished." Like ours, the representatives of the Roman people ignored their delegative capacity and acted "as from original power." Those perverters and usurpers, like ours, pleaded necessity: the welfare of the people; the public safety; the life of the nation, and the inherent right to preserve their own existence. With them, too, "the army was the safety of the republic"! This institution, composed of hirelings, as time advanced became more and more recruited from foreign sources, and more and more depraved in materials. It acted for a long time as an efficient instrument of tyranny, and finally set up the business for itself, and sold the empire at auction.

## POETRY.

### QUIA TIMET.

I LOVE the dear delightful spot  
Where linden trees their shadows throw;  
I love the cool and shady grot  
Near where the babbling brooklets flow.  
There I can rove, of care divest,  
And let my fancy wander free;  
And there forget grim fate's bequest,  
Which joined together LAW and ME.  
  
Within the shades of that retreat  
No service of a writ is made;  
Nor summons starts me to my feet;  
Nor mandamus makes me afraid.  
No quo warranto breaks my dream,  
To ask from whom I hold my cave;  
Riparian owner of the stream,  
I love my feet in its cool wave.  
  
Common of piscary I own,  
In that delightful brooklet's bed;  
And easements such as few have known,  
Beyond its waters' central thread.  
Jetsam and flotsam pass me by,  
Nor envy I those valued rovers;  
While cooling breeze and starry sky  
Are all I ask of earth's estovers.  
  
Ruthless brigands my close may break,  
I'll bring no suit quare clausum fregit;  
My ewe lamb damage feasant take,  
I'll not molest them while they cage it.

For here contented with my lot,  
I move no court for leave to change it;  
But if I have and hold my cot,  
No plaints of mine shall e'er derange it.  
  
No declarations more I'll make,  
Nor general nor special plea;  
No rule for judgment shall I take,  
Or e'er apply for a decree.  
I'll cease from following fortune's gleams,  
Forensic honors seek no more;  
I've jettisoned those youthful dreams  
And they are washed upon the shore.  
  
LORD of the Manor, wrecks are thine,  
Thou art the KING's well known grantee;  
Take then those youthful dreams of mine  
Safe in thine Admiralty.  
And when life's voyage is safely past—  
Past all the tempests of the main—  
In Heaven's High Chancery at last,  
Let me redeem my dreams again.

## SUMMARY OF THE WEEK.

### HOME AFFAIRS.

THE two photographers, W. H. Mumler and W. W. Silver, who have for some time past been professing to take likenesses of persons deceased, through the mediumship of Mumler, on Broadway, in this city, were arrested on the 12th inst. on a charge of obtaining money under false pretences. They were held for examination and remanded for want of bail. On being again called up Judge Edmunds appeared for the defendants, and undertook to prove the genuineness of the photographs. The case was again remanded.—On the 10th inst., at Jarrettsville, Md., as a number of gentlemen were quietly seated on the porch of the village hotel, a Miss Cairnes suddenly appeared, drew out a pistol, and fired three shots at a Mr. McComas, killing him on the spot. Seduction is the alleged cause of the murder. Public opinion is so strongly in favor of the young lady that the authorities have not imprisoned her or taken bail for her appearance before the civil tribunal.—The grand jury of Caroline county, Md., has indicted a negress for witchcraft.—At Binghamton, N. Y., Warren Blanchard was found in his house dead, with his head in a brass kettle and bearing marks of a pistol ball. His wife and two girls, the other inmates, have disappeared, and the affair is involved in mystery.—Daniel H. Dickenson, a clerk, aged 28, residing in New York, committed suicide on the 12th, by shooting himself with a large Colt's navy revolver, the cause being apparently intemperance, following disappointed love, and resulting in physical and mental prostration.—William Hurlbutt, of Cornwall, Vt., said to be worth \$3,000, was robbed recently of \$130, and, fearing he should come to want, starved himself to death.—An infernal machine was placed on the 14th on the railroad bridge over the Erie Canal at Utica, but was discovered in time to prevent the destruction of the bridge.—David H. Carpenter was hanged at Angelica, N. Y., on the 16th, for the murder of his brother last September.—As Mrs. James Martins, of Sayville, L. I., was driving home on the 14th, she was attacked by two highwaymen, one of whom seized the horse, and the other robbed her of a gold watch and chain worth \$155, about \$3 in currency, and a water-proof cloak.—The sum of \$26,000 was obtained the other day from the Bank of the State of New York on forged checks bearing the signature of Jay Cooke & Co. One James Smith has been arrested on the charge of presenting the principal check at the bank.—Thomas Brennan was sentenced on the 16th to fifteen years' imprisonment with hard labor for robbing a countryman of \$500 in a New York gambling saloon.—Captain M. Wilcox, an officer of the Norwich and Worcester steamboat line, leaped overboard from the *City of Boston*, near New London, on the 12th; cause unknown.—John Ahlbeck, a New York German, recently sought relief from family troubles by stuffing a handkerchief in his mouth, and hanging himself in his bedroom.—In the Spring Valley tragedy a verdict of wilful murder has been returned against Antoine Maurer, a shoemaker, formerly of that village.—The proprietor of a pretty-waiter-girl saloon in Chicago committed suicide on the 11th by inhaling common gas.—A full statement has appeared from Mrs. Twitchell respecting the Hill murder, consisting mainly of letters from her husband, begging her to save him by giving concocted versions of the tragedy which would exonerate him.—A clerk at the post-office, Lowell, Mass., has been arrested for opening and robbing letters.—John McNamara, indicted for the murder of his wife in 1867, has just been sentenced to be hanged.—On the 16th, it was discovered that Mr. Peck, grain merchant, Brooklyn, had absconded with \$164,000, the proceeds of a sale of 200,000 bushels of grain.

The Senate has been busy all the week discussing, rejecting, and confirming nominations. Among the more important foreign appointments were Motley, of Massachusetts, as minister to England; Jay, of New York, to Austria; Curtin, of Pennsylvania, to Russia; Carlisle, of West Virginia, to Sweden; Jones, of Illinois, to Belgium; Clay, of Louisiana, to Liberia; Kirk, of Ohio, to the Argentine Republic; Hurlbutt, to Bogota; Markbreit, of Ohio, to Bolivia; Partridge, of Maryland, to Nicaragua; Pile, of Missouri, to Brazil; Howard, of Michigan, to China; Nelson, of Indiana, to Mexico; Sanford, of Connecticut, to Spain; Rublee, of Wisconsin, to Switzerland; Andrews, of Minnesota, to Denmark. The New York internal revenue nominations which were not acted upon last session were again sent in and confirmed. Mr. Dana, editor of the New York *Sun*, has declined the post of appraiser of merchandise for New York.

At Meredith, N. H., on the 13th, Charles E. Merrill cut down a tree, which fell on his little son of ten years of age, splitting his head completely open, and killing him instantly.

A gentleman recently died in New York after two weeks of terrible suffering. The physicians were at first puzzled, but ultimately ascertained that he died of glanders, caught from a favorite and valuable horse, which the deceased had attended with great assiduity.



A destructive fire broke out at Murfreesboro', Tenn., on the 16th, consuming property worth \$75,000.—In Michigan, the village of Hancock has been completely destroyed by a fire which originated in a French saloon. The fire ran over a large district, devouring upwards of a hundred buildings, beside barns, etc., and has rendered over 200 families penniless and homeless. The money loss is estimated at \$500,000.—A fearful explosion occurred in an oil-refinery at Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 14th, and was heard a mile distant. The works were completely destroyed, and about 30,000 gallons of oil caught fire and burnt with intense fury. Two frame dwellings adjoining the refinery were also destroyed, the inmates narrowly escaping destruction. The loss is put at a quarter of a million of dollars.—The fires in the Gold Hill mines, Nevada, do not appear to have been entirely subdued. Most of the bodies of the victims recovered were horribly mutilated, yet recognizable.—In a large fire in Baltimore, on the evening of the 17th, a wall fell upon a number of the firemen, injuring seriously eight or nine and burying three in its ruins. Two of the men thus buried were rescued alive the next morning, terribly bruised and burned, but the third was dead.

A young lady in Galena, in a recent fit of somnambulism, mounted a dark bay horse, and, dressed all in white, proceeded along the streets just before midnight. Her eyes were wide open, but they seemed to be gazing at nothing, and her hair hung over her shoulders and down her back. A friend who met and recognized her was afraid to awake her, but followed to see what would come of the strange freak. On turning one of the streets the party came upon a boy who, fancying she was a ghost, began howling piteously. This awakened the young lady, who would have fallen to the ground had not the friend caught her in his arms and, amid blushes and explanations, conveyed her to her home.

At Augusta, Me., on the 10th, a young man ventured in a small boat over the dam, where there was a fall of thirty feet, for a wager of \$25. He won the bet in the presence of a large crowd.

John Pudick and "Charley the Barber," two aspirants to the hand of a fair maid of Morrisiana, N. Y., recently met to settle their claims by a pugilistic encounter. A large number of young men from neighboring villages flocked to witness the contest, which ended on the tenth round in favor of Pudick, the barber retiring from the field with his face in woful plight.

Several meetings have of late been held in St. Louis, with the view of making that port a great grain depot for shipping wheat to European markets *via* New Orleans.

An exciting billiard match, French three-ball carom game, between Wicks, of Brooklyn, and Fitch, of Troy, for \$1,000, came off in New York on the 13th, Fitch winning by 300 to 220.—Dion has announced his intention to play no more matches, or notice future challenges, his business not admitting sufficient time for practice.

A Miss Jackson recently died in St. Louis. During her illness her betrothed, Mr. W. L. Hudgens, waited upon her with the utmost tenderness, solicitude, and devotion. After her death he attended her remains to their last resting-place, and on the following day, in a paroxysm of grief at her loss, broke a blood-vessel, and died in a few minutes.

A Mr. Riell, of Brooklyn, L. I., injured a short time ago by being thrown from his wagon, fell into a trance for twenty hours, and was nearly buried alive, his friends supposing him dead.

A vivid display of the aurora borealis was witnessed over a large extent of country on the night of the 15th. The whole sky seemed to be lit up by it. Scott, in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, embodies a popular superstition concerning the phenomena in this couplet, touching the old monk of St. Mary's Isle:

"He knew by the streamers that shot so bright,  
That spirits were riding the Northern Light."

A party of laborers in excavating the great mound in the northern part of St. Louis unearthed an Indian burial-place, sixty feet long and twenty-five feet below the surface, containing a large quantity of bones, beads, coin, and other relics.

#### FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

A MEETING of the conservative members of the British Parliament was held on the 12th to decide upon the future policy of the party on the Irish Church question. Over two hundred were present, and favorably received Mr. Disraeli's plan, which proposed various amendments and modifications to Mr. Gladstone's bill. On the 16th the House, by a majority of 126, decided to go into committee on the measure, after a lively debate on an amendment by Mr. Newdegate that the bill be indefinitely postponed. In the discussion Mr. Aytoun, a liberal, who voted with the majority on the second reading, declared his objections to the clause providing for the support of Maynooth College. This announcement created a great sensation, and elicited cheers and counter-cheers from the opposite sides of the House. Mr. Disraeli professed himself anxious to go into committee. In the debate on the 17th the ex-Premier offered the following resolution: "On and after the first day of January, 1871, the said union, created by act of parliament, between the Churches of England and Ireland, shall be dissolved, and the said Church of Ireland, hereinafter referred to as the 'said church,' shall cease to be established by law." It was defeated by a majority of 123. On the 14th the Married Woman's Property bill was read a second time.—The Newmarket races, Spring meeting, took place last week. The most important race was the Newmarket handicap of twenty-five sovereigns each, with 200 sovereigns added, for three-year-olds and upward, which was won by the *Skirmisher* filly. The Biennial Stakes for four-year-olds was won by *Blue Gown*, the winner of last year's Derby.—Mr. Dickens is about to give three morning readings, to afford the London actors and actresses an opportunity of hearing him.—Lord Stanley was installed into his office as Lord-Rector of the University of Glasgow on the 1st inst. In the customary after-dinner speech he remarked that though there had been a failure in the negotiations on the *Alabama* question he did not take a gloomy view of the relations between Great Britain and this country. He had very great faith in the sense of the American people, and did not think they could wish to increase their present difficulties by getting into fresh quarrels. Great Britain had offered to submit to an arbitration whether international wrong had been committed, and, whatever happened, she had in so doing put herself in the right.

A report that Cespedes, the military leader of the Cuban patriots, had been

captured, proves to be premature. The Havana journals praise the course pursued by our government in reference to the rebellion. A cousin of Cespedes is reported killed near Manzanillo. Justo Aguilera, president of the revolutionary junta at Holquin, was captured and executed on the 6th. The Spanish papers publish favorable accounts of the progress of the royal troops in subduing the insurrection. General Dulce has issued a proclamation, confiscating the property of several prominent Cubans who have signed a document in this city imposing a contribution on Cuban refugees for the support of the revolutionary cause. The Catalan volunteers arrived at Havana on the 18th, and were received with great enthusiasm. Two negroes shouting "Viva Cespedes!" were instantly killed. Three filibustering expeditions from Florida are reported to have reached Bayamo. The building of gunboats for service in Cuban waters is going on rapidly in Spain.

The Spanish Cortes has adopted the first article of the constitution, after substituting the phrase "people of the nation" for "people of the monarchy." The form of the government is still undecided. General Prim is to go to Cuba with large reinforcements to suppress the insurrection. Prim, Serrano, and Oloza are the members of the new Directory. Frederick Charles of Prussia and the Duke of Luxembourg are now mentioned as candidates for the Spanish crown. Several members of the government are expected to resign in consequence of differences in the cabinet on the customs.

In the Corps Législatif, on the 17th, M. Thiers denounced "the commercial liberty of France as, like the political liberties of the French people, a farce." This expression gave rise to a hot dispute between the President and M. Thiers, and created much excitement in the Chamber.—The French troops, it is rumored, are to be withdrawn from Rome in June.

A strike among the miners near Mons, Belgium, occurred on the 17th. The latest despatches state that there was rioting in that region, and much alarm prevailed.

The Italian army is fixed at 400,000. Bertinatti comes from Constantinople to Washington as Italian minister. The Chevalier Marcel Cerutti, who is thus superseded, goes to Madrid.—On the occasion of the recent jubilee the Pope granted pardons to a large number of persons, including many political offenders.

The persecutions of the native Christians still continue in Foo Chow. Civil war is again raging violently in Japan. The opponents of the Mikado have a strong fleet under the command of the former chief admiral of the Tycoon, and hold possession of the islands of Yesso and Sad-Sima.

The Canadian government purposes organizing the Northwest territory into a territorial government, with its seat at Red River. As the population increases a provisional government will be formed, and the territory ultimately allowed to come into the New Dominion as a province.—Patrick Buckley, charged with being accessory to the McGee murder, has been acquitted. The others similarly charged are expected shortly to be released.—The first parliament of the Dominion of Canada was opened by the Governor-General on the 15th. His excellency said an earnest attempt had been made to allay discontent in Nova Scotia, expressed his satisfaction at the desire of Newfoundland to join the Union, and commended the cession of its territory by the Hudson's Bay Company to the immediate consideration of the legislature.

#### REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in the ROUND TABLE must be sent to this office.

#### JUVENILE DELINQUENTS.\*

ALTHOUGH prevention of crime is acknowledged to be of more consequence both to the individual and to the community than its punishment, it has neither received so much attention nor been so systematized. This seems to have been the result of the facts that the law ordinarily deals with the acts of transgressors and not with future contingencies, and that the sociological problem involved in the restraint of evil tendencies at large is a peculiarly subtle and complex one. Theoretically, the opposite seems the case; nothing appears more simple than to determine what conduces to, or inevitably results in, crime; but the practical difficulty of establishing and enforcing a system that prevents or lessens crime is only too well known. Punishment that society imposes certainly should have, as it presumably has, two objects: the welfare of the community and the correction of the evil-doer. But it is notorious that the first of these is only partially and imperfectly secured by restricting the criminal's liberty for an indefinite time, or by his death; any given instance of reformation is but one case in thousands; and for the rest, dread of the law acts rather as a stimulus to the ingenuity in devising means of evading it than as an incentive to reform. The second is very rarely, if, indeed, ever secured; for capital punishment necessarily precludes the possibility of reformation of character or habits, and prison life is diametrically opposed to it. The instances in which a person, by imprisonment, becomes a useful or even a harmless member of society are so few that they may fairly be taken as exceptions proving a general rule. It is, indeed, open to serious question whether in the long run society is the gainer by imprisonment at all, temporary immunity from a dangerous person being generally found to have been dearly bought when that individual is again at large. A system of punishment that is only vindictive or retributive is necessarily defective and inadequate; while one that often, or ever, acts as a barrier in the way of reformation is obviously pernicious. Yet it is credible that most legal punishments are amenable to one or both of these charges; legal right is too often moral wrong. Criminal law is, in perhaps most instances, simply punitive—society's revenge, in the spirit of the Mosaic eye for eye and tooth for tooth—the visiting upon an offender of the same or an equivalent injury without thought of undoing the evil; it is seldom vindictive or retributive in the original sense of those words—atonement for an injury done or making good a loss sustained; it is only rarely and exceptionally corrective or reformatory—that which it should always be, and presumably is intended to be. These facts have been so long and so universally recognized that nothing but the difficulty—we had almost said impracticability—of change for the better, in our present phase of civilization, has

\* *A Half-Century with Juvenile Delinquents; or, the New York House of Refuge and its Times.* By B. K. Peirce, D.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1869.



stood in the way of success. Earnest and ardent advocates of general reformation there have been and are; sincere and self-sacrificing philanthropists are everywhere to be found; but they do not appear to have reached the root of the difficulty. So far they have been baffled; they scarcely act except in the easy part of iconoclasts; they have set up no better images in the place of the broken ones.

The gravity of the problem is most felt, and its peculiar difficulties are seen to reach their climax, in its application to a class of offenders who are presumably unable to discern the full import, or weigh the full consequences, of their misdeeds, and with whom vice is more frequently an inevitable misfortune than a deliberate choice, or even the result of uncontrolled evil passions. We refer, of course, to those who are termed, in the present work, "juvenile delinquents"—a phrase happily suggestive of their true character. The wrong or, at all events, the absence of right that, as we have premised, is evidenced in many or most legal punishments, is more glaring in these cases, in two different aspects. The penalty is made commensurate with the crime committed rather than with the criminal intent; and the punishments usually inflicted lead, in several ways that need not here be detailed, to future transgressions rather than to subsequent good conduct. The parent would be thought culpable who should punish a child who erred through the strength of temptation and the weakness of the spirit, and at the same time should make no effort either to weaken the temptation or to strengthen the spirit. And yet this is precisely the usual course of the law in its application to young offenders—the course of that law that stands, or ought to stand, *in loco parentis* toward every misguided, because homeless and friendless, boy or girl. Still more: it is undeniable that, with immature or feeble as much as with essentially depraved or vicious minds, punishment that is felt to be a disagreeable consequence or termination of a course of action, is afterwards remembered only as something to escape from, if possible. In this respect the hardened criminal and the youthful offender are on the same level; but here the parity ends; and it is a grievous wrong to treat the two classes as if the similarity extended to all particulars. For the one there is perhaps, unfortunately, no remedy, and no alternative save the use of extreme measures; for the other there is every hope from an opposite course. Aside from the directly pernicious associations and consequent tendencies of customary punishments, which thus carry, as it were, their own condemnation, regard must be had to the fact that, with unformed minds, punishment, as such, is rarely, if ever, beneficial. The idea of vindictiveness takes so firm hold of the mind that better emotions are suppressed, and little good is to be expected so long as this thought remains dominant. We are inclined to go further and assert that, circumstances rather than the individual being to blame in the great majority of cases of juvenile offenders, youth is not properly deserving of punishment. Repetition of the offence is to be prevented by the best means that can be commanded; but punishment is obviously not one of these. If prevention is better than cure, *a fortiori* is prevention better than allowing disease to run uncured, as punitive measures usually do; and it is a matter of congratulation that at least in some classes of cases a preventive can be found. The idea is as old as the human race itself; remove the cause and the effect will cease. The cause of juvenile delinquencies and "crimes" resides not with the individual, but with his associations; in the vast majority of instances the onus rests with the circumstances, over which he has virtually no control, and which not only foster and develop bad qualities, but may also change good qualities, as bravery, acquisitiveness, aptness, ambition, and the like, to the corresponding evil ones, and turn them to the most account. Change the social status of the individual, and he is himself changed; substitute the desired in the place of undesirable conditions, and the plastic nature responds to the new impress; above all, place stumbling-blocks out of the way, and hedge about the proper path, and the task is more than half accomplished.

We are aware that we advance no new thing; but a really good old thing will bear repetition, and the perusal of Dr. Peirce's instructive work cannot fail to suggest some such reflections as these. As the name indicates, the book gives the history of the New York House of Refuge for the past fifty years. It is prepared from the most authentic and trustworthy sources—the records themselves of the institution—by one whose opportunities have peculiarly fitted him for the task. While it is not, in one sense, a very readable book, or one likely to attract popular attention, it will be found replete with information, and full of suggestiveness, for those whose duty or pleasure it may be to be interested in its subject-matter. Its true value is by no means to be estimated by considering it as simply a record of the doings of the House. It has really a much broader field of usefulness, since it furnishes data—many of them the most valuable that we have as yet seen—for the correct solution of the momentous problem involved in the organization and conduct of a system for the prevention of crime; a problem, we may add, requiring proper application of the principles of at least three sciences—psychology, physiology, and sociology. We may profitably pause a moment to consider some of the more prominent points of the question. The underlying idea of such an institution as the House of Refuge is that old one of cause and effect. It is taken for granted, no less wisely and truly than charitably, that the cause of crime among juvenile delinquents ("criminals" they are not, or but rarely) resides in the force of extraneous circumstances rather than of inherent tendencies. Over these circumstances the individual has practically no control whatever; his associations must be modified, if at all, by other hands. And of all philanthropies, perhaps no one is broader or more comprehensive than this cleaving of the path; it exemplifies the true spirit of the Christian prayer: "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." It is further presupposed that punishment, even when only commensurate with the offence, is not always just, in view of extenuating or excusing circumstances, or wise, in view of the culprit's peculiar temperament; and particularly that the usual legal punishments exercise a directly and palpably pernicious effect, in a way we have already pointed out. Thus there are obviously two main indications to be fulfilled: rescue of unfortunates from the associations both of the street and the jail, and substitution of rational correction in the place of arbitrary punishment. These the House attempted, and its record shows how well it has succeeded. We wish that we had space to give the more prominent features of the admirable system by which the benevolent and praiseworthy aims of the institution have been accomplished; but we can only refer the reader to the book itself. The task, as might have been expected, has been an arduous one; but the men were found who proved

themselves equal to it; men earnest and hard-working, encountering and surmounting one obstacle after another, mind and heart engaged, with small hope of other reward than the approval of a voice within. The present system did not—indeed it could not—spring, Minerva-like, full-formed from a brain-womb; it is the fruit of time, and of patience, prudence, and thoughtful care. Experience has proved, as ever, the best teacher; it has suggested, from time to time, modifications and improvements, till the small beginning can hardly be recognized in the condition shown to-day. But this is in itself proof that the first steps were in the right direction. Removal from evil associations, substitution of correction for punishment, instilling of self-respect and ambition, furnishing healthy stimulus to mental and bodily powers, prompt recognition of merit, enforcing habits of cleanliness, obedience, and industry, and, above all, sedulous cultivation of the moral faculties, have always been prominent features in the policy of the House, and have borne their legitimate fruit.

Some of the generalizations that the author deduces from the history of the House possess unusual interest; illustrating, as they do, certain obscure points in the natural history of human nature. Such, for example, are the figures relating to the comparative liability to wrong-doing of boys and girls, and the difference in their amenability to reform, as well as in their tendency to relapse into their former evil ways. We repeat, that lessons of profound significance may be drawn from the volume. Dr. Peirce has performed a good work in giving it to the public; and we hope that its influence will be widely felt. Of the literary execution of the work it would be foreign to our purpose to speak. The book is illustrated with several cuts, notably portraits of gentlemen who have been from time to time connected with the institution.

#### THE TOWER OF LONDON.\*

THERE is scarcely any branch of antiquarian research more interesting in itself, scarcely any better starting-post for historical study, or any subject more fitted to awaken all the associations which belong to the old-time romance than the inquiry into the origin and use of those local objects and buildings which, teeming with the annals of history, are often left unheeded by writers by whom a knowledge of many curious points of history and antiquity might be acquired with but little abstraction from the main pursuits of life, or any interference with more abstruse studies. Mr. Dixon, who does not in set terms agree with Warburton in his contempt for antiquarianism, is yet disposed in his history of the Tower of London—which he is pleased, with questionable taste, to newly name "Her Majesty's Tower"—to throw aside what is poetic and legendary, and come at once to recorded facts. It is true that Dr. Stukely tells us that the ancient edifice was erected about the time of Constantine, and Dr. Mills, the late president of the Society of Antiquaries, decides it to have been at one time a Roman capitol-fortress, treasury, and mint, and cites the antique coins found within the walls in justification of his opinion; also, that the worthy old rhymist whom Chaucer calls "the moral Gower" speaks of the times when Brute took here "his first joy;" but Mr. Dixon passes over the legend of "Troy" and comes at once to the time of William the Conqueror. In something like the spirit which dictates our recent Shakespearian revivals, the author undertakes to present a series of dissolving views of the Tower, with scenery, dresses, and decorations appropriate to different periods in England's history, all selected according to the highest authorities; and, dispensing with any preliminary outline of history, certain great figures are dominant on his canvas, and are drawn with vigor and earnestness. The accumulated dust of ages is swept away; the old Tower, whose eight hundred years of history and nineteen hundred of traditional life give it rank as elder born of all existing palaces, is peopled once again with kings, queens, courtiers, and soldiers; the age of chivalry is restored with all its splendor; the din of battle, the alarm of feudal combats, the festive but perilous encounter of courtly jousts, the masque, the banquet, and the ball spring up before us in dazzling and fantastic imagery. From the topmost turret, where the beautiful Maud Fitzwalter scorned the proffered love of King John and fell a victim to his fury, down to Guy Fawkes's dungeon and that low cell where Father Fisher traced his name, the building is filled with busy life; and scenes which bring us face to face with heroes and martyrs, tyrants and victims, are re-enacted with all the pomp and ceremony, the attributes and surroundings, which, differing in each succeeding age, serve to mark the nation's progress or decay—its highest glory or its lowest shame. Misshapen and ungracious, the form of crook-backed Richard appears upon the scene:

"If the word Tower crops up in talk, nine persons out of ten will throw his figure into the front. They see, in their mind's eye, Gloucester with his knife at King Henry's throat; Gloucester denouncing Hastings at the board; Gloucester in rusty armor on the wall. Men picture him as drowning his brother Clarence in a butt of wine; as murdering his nephews, King Edward and the Duke of York. The localities of his crimes, and of crimes imputed to him, are shown. He stabbed King Henry in the Hall Tower, now the jewel-house. He accused Lord Hastings in the council chamber, and struck off his head on the terrace below the keep. He drowned his brother in the Bowyer Tower. He addressed the citizens from the terrace now known as Raleigh's walk. Brackenbury was kneeling in St. John's chapel when he received the king's order to kill the princes. The boys were lodged by him in rooms over the entrance gate, then known as the Garden Tower. They were interred in the passage at the foot of a private stair. The bones of these royal youths were afterwards dug out from behind a stair in the keep."

It was not, however, until two hundred years after the deed was committed that the bones of the princes were discovered by some workmen who were making a new staircase into the chapel royal, and by order of Charles the Second they were removed to Westminster Abbey. In the days of Henry the Eighth the Thames was the festival highway; barges streaming with silk banners floated on the river, and from the Tower to Greenwich was the road for all the royal and triumphal processions. When Anne Boleyn was brought as a bride to the king—who awaited her arrival on the wharf—all the London crafts accompanied her "from Greenwich to the Tower," says an old chronicler, "trumpets, shawms, and other divers instruments playing and making great melody." Some three years after she came to the same stair a prisoner, and fell sobbing on the cold stones, while strong men stood by and wept.

The names of many of those who, as the author says, "fell into trouble through that wild passage in our contest with the Italian Church called the Pilgrimage of Grace," may be found on the walls of the Beauchamp Tower. The Pilgrimage of Grace, to which Mr. Dixon devotes more space than its importance seems to demand, was a rising in the northern shires against the Reformed Church.

\* *Her Majesty's Tower.* By William Heyworth Dixon. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1869.



"The divorce of Queen Catharine and the bull of Paul the Third had produced among the lower ranks in these northern shires a ferment for which the men of Kent and Essex were unprepared. In the home counties opinion was with the king. In London, and in all the provinces lying near London, the creed and the cause of Spain had fallen at a word—had fallen at once, and for ever; the decrees which were to frame a true English order in the family and in the Church having been issued by the Commons long before they were put into legal phrase by parliament and king. Not so in the north. The partition of England into two church provinces was, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, but echo to an actual fact. The Trent was like the Tweed: a border line between counties jealous of each other; counties apt to fall out, and when they fell out, to fight. The two provinces had a different custom, in some things a different law. York was a great capital; Yorkshiremen spoke with contempt of the city on the Thames; and most men living beyond the Trent thought shame of the king for not holding his court and parliament in York."

Of the momentous changes and disasters to which this rising gave cause, the author, in subsequent chapters, gives a rapid but faithful sketch; of the nine days' reign of the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey we find a long and interesting account, and the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth afford a terrible record of the martyrs, religious and political, whose latter days were passed within the gloomy walls on which their names are now rudely inscribed. Among these, perhaps, the greatest interest attaches to Sir Walter Raleigh. No period of English history presents stronger claims to attention than that in which he lived, and in which the nation made the most rapid strides in commerce and civilization. Four several times was this great man imprisoned in the Tower, and on each occasion the place of his confinement was changed. During a part of his second imprisonment the founder of Virginia was immured in the Bloody Tower.

"Hither came to him the wits and poets, the scholars and inventors of his time; Jonson and Burrell, Hariot and Pell; to crack light jokes; to discuss rabbinical lore; to sound the depths of philosophy; to map out Virginia; to study the shipbuilder's art. In the garden house he distilled essences and spirits; compounded his great cordial; discovered a method (afterwards lost) of turning salt water into sweet; received the visits of Prince Henry; wrote his political tracts; invented the modern war-ship; wrote his History of the World."

In the case of Raleigh a bold and skilful pen was needed to serve the cause of historical truth, and the author has proved himself equal to the task; and if in some instances the episodes of history are not handed down to us in perfect integrity, at least they are clear and intelligible in detail. In the characters of leading men, the general principles of politics, and the manners, customs, and genius of past times, Mr. Dixon has avoided, as much as possible, running counter to prejudices which have gained sanction from general adoption. It requires considerable knowledge of English history to appreciate the value of these sketches; they are not intended to instruct those who are half informed on the subject, nor is it the author's duty in a work of this kind to cater for utter ignorance; his object is rather to refresh the memory of the reader on essential points, not omitting to mention those historic individuals whose reputations have been formed—like that of Perkin Warbeck and others—by accidental circumstances, and not altogether discarding those stories which, handed down through long ages until the means of contradiction is beyond our reach, go to form "that momentous rumor which we call history."

## LIBRARY TABLE.

**NEW TALE OF A TUB.** *An Adventure in Verse* by F. W. N. Bailey. With illustrations. New York: John Wiley & Son. 1869.—Some half-dozen years ago we remember seeing these illustrations and hearing the adventure told in a panorama or phantasmagoria, or something of the kind, under the title of "A Story of a Tiger." The tale is simple. Two Bengalese,

"One was tall, the other was stout,  
They were natives both of the glorious East,  
And both very fond of a rural feast,"

set out on a picnic to the country where the cool winds might "blow upon their blow-out." Seated behind a large empty tub to shelter them from the sun, their festivities were disturbed by a huge tiger. For a time they dodged him round the tub, till the tiger attempting to spring over, the tub was capsized and the animal secured underneath, the two picnickers mounting on the top to keep it firm. After a time the tiger managed again to upset this novel covering, but his tail having appeared through the bung-hole was firmly held by "Tall and Thin," whose coat-tails were further grasped by "Short and Stout." Let go they dared not; how to escape they knew not, and their faces were growing long and lugubrious, when a happy idea struck them:

"What, stop! I'm ready to drop.  
Hold, stay! I'm fainting away.  
Laughter I'm certain will kill me to-day;  
And Short and Stout is bursting his skin,  
And almost in a fit is Tall and Thin.  
The tiger is free, yet they do not quail,  
Though temper has all gone wrong with him,  
For they have tied a knot on the tiger's tail,  
And he carries the tub along with him."

Racy as the stanzas are, the story is better told by the illustrations, which are capital.

**American Newspaper Directory;** containing accurate Lists of all the Newspapers and Periodicals published in the United States and Territories, and the Dominion of Canada, etc. New York: George P. Rowell & Co. 1869.—In our issue of March 13th we gave a brief notice of this work, then shortly to be published. The work makes a handsome volume of 358 pages, is well printed, and illustrated with several engravings of the publishers' offices in Park Row, in this city. The information it contains seems thoroughly trustworthy, and, as we have already said, the volume will be indispensable to advertisers and others.

**Songs for the Sanctuary; or, Hymns and Tunes for Christian Worship.** Baptist Edition. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1869.—It appears comparatively easy to make a judicious selection of hymns for public worship, but a task of unusual difficulty to wed them to appropriate and church-like tunes. This volume is an illustration in point—the hymns are good, the tunes puerile and commonplace. For this the standard of singing in our places of worship is somewhat to blame, but much is due to the radical defect of the modern school of church composers. Adaptations from popular airs, light, trivial, pretty melodies, anything easy and showy—these seem to be the rage. The severe simplicity and grand harmonies of the old masters, the swing and majesty of the German school, and even the modern productions which the wonderful revival of church music in England has given birth to, we altogether miss in our American collections of psalmody. Compare, for example, the tunes to "Jesus, lover of my soul," "I heard the voice of Jesus say," "Sum of my soul, thou Saviour, dear," "Saviour, when in dust to thee," "Soldiers of Christ, arise," "Jesus lives! no longer now,"

or any half dozen hymns that might be selected at random in this collection, with the tunes to the same in, say, *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, and see how immeasurably superior the latter are. It is not exaggerating to say that after making such a comparison the musical compiler of this volume would throw his work behind the fire, and set out to make a book that should be worthy of a place in every Christian congregation. We do not say that *Songs for the Sanctuary* are worse than other collections of the same class, but the class itself is, musically, thoroughly bad, and does not contain a single work, so far as we have seen—and our experience is tolerably large—either creditable to our church composers, or adapted to public religious worship.

**Standard Phonographic Visitor.** New York: Andrew J. Graham.—Of the many systems of shorthand writing that have been published the best is undoubtedly phonography, invented by Mr. Pitman. It combines brevity and ease in writing with perfect legibility in reading, and is adapted for every purpose for which a rapid system of writing is required. Since its invention, in 1837, the system has undergone many improvements, the latest being recorded in the thirteenth edition of the text-books published by the original inventor, who is still living. In the tenth edition, Mr. Pitman introduced a radical change in the vowel system, and in the eleventh, one or two new letter-forms were added, various changes made in the signification of initial hooks, and the system rendered more theoretically perfect and at the same time easier to learn and practise. "Standard phonography," as taught by Mr. Graham, is a quarter of a century behind the age. It is based upon the earlier and imperfect editions, and lacks those modifications which long experience has suggested and proved valuable. Judging solely from the copy before us, we should say that Mr. Graham was not a practical phonographer at all, and knew indeed very little of the theory either. No experienced phonographer, for example, would write as they are given here the word "Anaximander," or the phrases "spread the knowledge," "is the most elaborate," "that he is subject to," unless, indeed, like many young writers, he had a monomania for grouping his words in all sorts of ridiculous combinations. That with sufficient practice a student may acquire the art of verbatim reporting with "Standard" or any edition of phonography is doubtless true, but his labor will be much facilitated by learning the system in its highest degree of perfection. The phonographic portion of the *Visitor* is neatly lithographed, but lacks freedom, and looks less attractive to the eye than phonography ought to look.

**The Poetical Works of Alexander Pope.** Edited by the Rev. H. F. Cary, M.A. A new edition, carefully revised. To which is prefixed a Biographical Notice. New York and London: D. Appleton & Co. 1869.—Another volume in Appleton's popular and cheap edition of the standard poets. We have so often commended this edition that we need now say no more than that the *Pope* is in every way equal to its predecessors. But why are not the translations of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* included in the series? Whatever may be thought of them as translations, as poetry they are by far the greatest monuments of Pope's genius that his life has left us. A cheap edition of Pope's *Homer* is greatly needed, and we should think, brought out uniform with this series, might very well be popular and remunerative. We trust the Messrs. Appleton may find it possible to supply the want.

**Little Meg's Children.** By the Author of *Jessica's First Prayer*. Philadelphia: James S. Claxton.—In books intended for children it should be a cardinal point to make them attractive to the eye. No matter how interesting the story may really be, if the first impression is not favorable it is not likely to find many readers. *Little Meg* labors under this disadvantage. The dialogues are too extended, the paragraphs too long, and the general appearance too heavy and solid for a juvenile book. The story, however, of Meg's experience is interesting and well told.

**The Bible Hand-book: An Introduction to the Study of Sacred Scripture.** By Joseph Angus, D.D. Second revised edition. Philadelphia: James S. Claxton.—No very definite meaning, perhaps, can be attached to the term hand-book, but according to our idea of its significance a hand-book should be a methodically arranged volume on any given subject, to which one may refer for help when in doubt or puzzled with some knotty point. In this sense Dr. Angus's work is wrongly named, as it consists mainly of dissertations on such Biblical topics, and very much in the same style—though a long way after—Horne's well known *Introduction*. From a popular stand-point, however, the volume, which is rather poorly printed on thin paper, will doubtless have a useful existence.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

FIELDS, OSGOOD & Co., Boston.—Gates Ajar. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Pp. 248. 1869.  
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia.—Breaking a Butterfly; or, Blanche Ellerslie's Ending. Author's edition. With Illustrations. Pp. 395. 1869.  
LORING, Boston.—Mark, the Match-boy; or, Richard Hunter's Ward. By Horatio Alger, Jr. Pp. 276. 1869.  
CLAXTON, REMSEN & HAFELFINGER, Philadelphia.—Typhines Abbey: A Tale of the twelfth century. By Count A. De Gobineau. Translated by Charles D. Meigs, M.D., of Philadelphia. Pp. 438. 1869.  
LEVY & HOLT, New York.—Reminiscences of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy: A Social and Artistic Biography. By Elise Polko. Translated from the German by Lady Wallace. Pp. 334. 1869.  
SHELDON & Co., New York.—Evening by Evening; or, Readings at Eventide. For the family or the closet. By C. H. Spurgeon. Pp. 400. 1869.  
CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co., New York.—The Life and Epistles of St. Paul. By the Rev. W. J. Conybeare, M.A., and the Rev. J. S. Howson, M.A., Principal of the Collegiate Institute, Liverpool. Two volumes in one. Pp. 459-556. 1869.  
JOHN WILEY & Son, New York: TEUNIS & Co., London, England.—L'Honneur, et l'Argent: A Comedy. By François Ponsard; edited, with English notes and memoir of Ponsard, by Prof. Ch. Cassal, LL.D. Pp. 171. 1869.  
Les Faux Bonshommes: A Comedy. By

Théodore Barrière and Ernest Cassendu. Edited, with English notes and notice of Barrière, by Prof. Ch. Cassal, LL.D. Pp. 394. 1868.  
Treatises on Light, Color, Electricity, and Magnetism. By Johann Ferdinand Jencken, M.D. Translated by Henry D. Jencken, Barrister-at-law, M.R.I., F.R.G.S., etc. Pp. 232. 1869.  
Nathan the Wise: A Dramatic Poem. By G. E. Lessing. Pp. 214. 1868.  
Les Aristocrates: A Comedy in Verse. By Etienne Arago. Edited by Rev. P. H. Brette, B.D. Pp. 235. 1869.  
Contributions to Christology. By Emanuel Bonavia, M.D. Pp. 170.  
Economy of Life; or, Food, Repose, and Love. By George Miles. Pp. 123.  
ROBERTS BROTHERS, Boston.—Little Women; or, Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy. Part Second. By Louisa M. Alcott. With Illustrations. Pp. 359. 1869.  
Realities of Irish Life. By W. Stewart Trench. Pp. 297. 1869.  
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.—Notes, Critical, Explanatory, and Practical, on the Book of Psalms. By Albert Barnes. Vols. II., III. Pp. 383-343. 1869.  
PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF EDUCATION, Philadelphia.—Cousin Amy; or, Home Duties. Pp. 216. 1869.  
Annie's Influences; or, "She hath done what she could." By Marion Howard. Pp. 251. 1869.

## PAMPHLETS.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.—Breaking a Butterfly.  
It is never too Late to Mend: A Matter-of-Fact Romance. By Charles Reade.  
HURD & Houghton, New York.—The Velocipede: Its History, Varieties, and Practice. With Illustrations.  
Good Words for the Young (London), The American Law Register, The Atlantic Monthly, Lippin-

cott's Magazine, Putnam's Magazine, Hours at Home, New York Medical Journal, The Future Palaces of America, The Christian Quarterly, The Home Monthly, The Church Monthly, Once a Month, Hours at Home, The Eclectic Magazine, Packard's Monthly, American Educational Monthly, Every Saturday, The New England Historical and Genealogical Register and Antiquarian Journal, Catholic World; Leander; or, Secrets of the Priesthood.



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

## ENGLISH PRONOUNS, SIMPLE AND EMPHATIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: In the *Round Table* of this week Mr. Gould asks two questions about the possessive case of the English pronoun, the first of which may be easily answered. Why, after an antecedent in the possessive case, do we use a pronoun in the nominative, or (as it is called) the objective case? This is not a peculiarity of the English language. It prevails in languages which have real cases, and consequently a syntax resting in part upon case inflections; and in these the case of the pronoun in a second clause is independent of that of the antecedent in a previous clause, whether it is nominative, genitive, dative, or ablative. By what appears to be a general law of language, the pronoun refers to the subject in its simple form and without suggestion of its previous relation in the sentence. Thus, on the first page of *Cæsar's Commentaries* to which I open, that famous speech-maker, Ariovistus says: "Sedes habere in Gallia, ab *ipsis* concessas; obsides, *ipsorum* voluntate datos," where the pronoun, first in the ablative case and next in the genitive, refers to one antecedent, Galli, which itself appears previously in this speech only in the ablative form, Gallis. So in the first example cited by Mr. Gould from the twenty-fourth Psalm, "the earth is the Lord's, for the Lord hath founded it; the world and they that dwell therein. For He hath founded it, etc.," the Vulgate exhibits the same construction: "*Domini* est terra, etc., quia *ipse*. . . super maria fundavit eum;" and in the Septuagint version we have also the antecedent in the genitive, *Τῶν Κυρίων ἡ γῆ*, and the pronoun in the nominative, *Αὐτός ἐπὶ θαλάσσης*, etc. Pronouns agree with their antecedents in gender and number, but not in case, and are as free on the last point as the nouns would be that they represent. And as we should say, The earth is the Lord's, for the Lord hath founded it; so we should say, For He hath founded it, etc. The reason of this is obvious. A noun in one sentence or clause may assume relations in other sentences or clauses which require new case inflections; and these do not affect its identity; nor do they do so in the case of the pronoun, which merely takes the place of the noun. But a pronoun of one gender or number cannot represent a noun of another gender or number, will not call to mind that noun, but suggest some other.

Mr. Gould's second question touches on an idiomatic formation of our language, and one which cannot be easily accounted for. Why do we say *myself*, *yourself*, *ourselves*, using, as he says, and as it appears, the possessive form of the pronoun, and yet *himself*, *themselves*, using the objective? No reason has been discovered for this anomaly; but its history is traceable. The emphatic compound pronoun has come directly down to us from the Anglo-Saxon, in which it was formed by the union, although not the compounding, of the pronoun *ic*—I, and the pronominal adjective *sylf*—self. The adjectival force of the latter word continued long unimpaired. In the *Cursor Mundi*, a Middle English metrical version of parts of the Bible, Christ says, "For I am self man al perfit," i.e., I am very man all perfect; and even in *Twelfth Night* Shakespeare wrote, "with one self king," which the revisers of the text for the folio of 1632, not apprehending, altered to "with one self-same king." But the Anglo-Saxon *ic* (I) and *sylf* (self) were both declined; and when they were united they still were both declined. So, as we have *res-publica*, *rei-publicæ*, *res-publica*, *rerum-publicarum*, and so forth, in Latin, we have *ic sylf*, *min sylfes*, *we sylfe*, *ure sylfra*, in Anglo-Saxon; the third person being, in the singular, nom. *he sylf*, gen. *his sylfes*, dat. *him sylfum*, acc. *hine sylfne*, and in the plural, nom. *hi sylfe*, gen. *hira sylfra*, dat. *him sylfum* or *heom sylfum*, acc. *hi sylfe*. But by the process of phonetic degradation these double case inflections were broken down, and a compound emphatic pronoun was formed, not from either the nominative case or the accusative, but from the dative or the genitive; the result being, not *I-self*, *we-selves*, *he-self*, *they-selves*, etc., but *my-self* (*me sylfum*), *our-selves* (*ure sylfum*), *him-self* (*him sylfum*), *them-selves* (*heom sylfum*), and so forth. In Middle English we find such mixed forms as *ich-silf* and *me-silf*, *thu-silf* and *the-silf*, in use at the same period. But very soon afterward we find the modern form (which is incapable of a possessive case—we cannot say *my-self's*, *him-self's*) fully established.

Thus, in the romance of *Sir Perceval of Galle*, about A.D. 1350:

"Sone thou hast takyne thy rede  
To do *thi selfe* to the dede."  
"His stede es in stable sett  
And *hym selfe* to the haulte sett."  
"The sowl dane sayse he will her ta,  
The lady wille *hir selfe* ala,  
Are he that is her maste fa  
Solde wedd hir to wyfe."  
"Ane unwyse man, he sayd, am I  
That puttis *my selfe* to sicke a foly."

What determined the selection of the case form for preservation can only be conjectured. It may have been accident; but mere accident has little influence upon the course of language; and the notion that *self* was a noun possessed by or pertaining to the pronoun may have led to the choice of the genitive or the dative case, and this selection may have been helped by considerations of euphony or ease of utterance.

I have called this use of the pronoun an idiom of our language; but it has a parallel in the French use of *moi*, *toi*, and *lui*. The French do not say *je même*, *tu même*, *il même*, but *moi même*, *toi même*, *lui même*, in which the pronouns are dative forms, the remnants of the Latin *mihī*, *tibi*, and *illi*. But in old French the nominative was used. I have carefully examined early French *chansons* and *romans*, including the *Chanson de Roland* and the *Roman de Tristan*, and have found not a single instance of *moi*, *toi*, or *lui* used other than objectively, and generally after a preposition. The modern Frenchman says *ni moi*: his forefathers, eight hundred years ago, said *ne io*, where the pronoun is a degraded form of *ego*, which became *jo* and finally *je*; so that, according to correct lineal descent, the modern French should be *ni je*. Louis XIV. said *L'état, c'est moi*; Hugh Capet would have said *est jo*; as the King of Spain still signs himself grandly, *Yo el Rey*. And I am inclined to the opinion that in the phrase, not entirely vulgar, *It is me*, which Dean Alford has defended on insufficient grounds,

and Mr. Moon has attacked without sufficient knowledge, the pronoun is not a misused accusative, but, as in the exactly correspondent French phrase, a remnant of the dative case of the pronoun of the first person (A. S. *ic*), which held its place in English even as late as the thirteenth century, and that *it is me* might be traced down step by step from the earliest stages of our language.

*Himself* and *themselves* are, therefore, not objective or accusative forms, but remnants of a dative form, which by phonetic degradation have become, so to speak, the nominative cases of indeclinable emphatic pronouns of the third person. So *herself* is not possessive, but a like remnant of a dative form. *Itself*, notably, is not possessive, not a compound of *its* and *self*; it having been used for centuries before the appearance of *its* in the language. And until a very late period, after A.D. 1600, it was written separately *it self*. We do use *self* with a possessive, as "Cæsar's self"; and our Anglo-Saxon forefathers joined it to proper names, as *Petrus sylf*, *Crist sylf*. But here I must stop, not only to avoid prolixity, but because the etymology and relations of *self* is one of the most difficult and least understood subjects in the history of our language.

I am, sir, etc.,

R. G. W.

BAYBRIDGE, L. I., April 10, 1869.

## ART.

## THE NINE MUSES.

IT would ill beseem American liberality or hospitality to overlook the foreign talent which has become naturalized on our shores, and we believe we confer a favor on all true amateurs of either art or beauty, a twofold category in the ranks of one or other of which most cultivated people claim to be enrolled, in calling attention to the remarkable collection of pictures now at the studio of Mr. Fagnani, in Twelfth Street, New York. We refer in particular to a series of life-size figures wherein the artist has embodied, in the costume and attributes of the Nine Muses, the portraits of several leading American belles, purposely selected among the most varied types of native beauty. This graceful idea originated, we believe, in an artistic controversy upon this topic, wherein the opposite party affirmed that, however much of prettiness might be scattered among the fair sex in its teens on this side of the Atlantic, that higher and more commanding perfection of form and feature known as classic beauty was denied to American women. This Mr. Fagnani contradicted, and undertook to demonstrate the fallacy of the idea by surrounding with classic accessories such faces as he affirmed would fully harmonize with them and rival the finest types of Greece and Rome.

How far the experiment has confirmed his judgment and vindicated the claims of American beauty to take rank among the highest specimens of classic perfection the result is there to show, and must, we believe, be highly gratifying to all discerning eyes and patriotic hearts. Thus much, at least, will hardly be denied by any one who has eyes at all, i.e., that nine lovelier faces and forms, in all their varied styles of blonde and brunette, could not be assembled in any other latitude. The skill of the artist is manifest in the grace of attitude and composition, and the translucent delicacy of the flesh tints, so difficult to obtain in the diaphanous brilliancy of the soft female carnation, and so rarely attained in painting. To one specialty in which Mr. Fagnani excels it is but just to call attention. This is the felicity with which he invariably hits off the happiest and most flattering resemblance of his model. Few realize the difficulty and the value of this faculty.

The power of transferring to canvas an accurate transcript of a living model is, as every one knows, a gift apart, and by no means the universal concomitant of artistic genius. But although a special aptitude, in its more ordinary development it is not at all an uncommon one. A large proportion of both artists and amateurs are able to obtain a tolerable likeness; by which we mean a likeness sufficient to render the picture recognizable. In a majority of cases, however, a minuter survey will show that the resemblance is merely an approximate one. The second grade of portrait painting consists in obtaining an absolutely faithful delineation of form, coloring, and expression. This, a far higher order of art, is proportionately rare; demanding as it does an unusual amount of artistic talent and practised skill. The third and superlative degree, however, is that of combining accuracy with felicity; or, in other words, the faculty of selecting the most appropriate mood, the most graceful pose, the most becoming costume, the most favorable light, and the most pleasing, interesting, or striking expression the countenance is susceptible of assuming—thus diminishing the blemishes and imperfections, or rendering them less evident, while bringing into broad and striking relief every beauty and every charm; and so, as it were, idealizing the model, without losing the resemblance, simply by the operation of judicious handling and refined taste. That handling and taste, however, originating in cultivated artistic instincts and exquisite æsthetic perceptions, are among the rarest gifts of genius. Hence we find that at all times this peculiar gift has taken rank as a unique specialty, and has usually won fortune and fame for its lucky possessors; being, perhaps, more thoroughly and widely appreciated than any other. For, after all, there is no masterpiece that the majority of mankind so delight in as the counterpart of their own dear selves, stereotyped for immortality; and when such *chefs-d'œuvre* reproduce either themselves or those nearest to them in that flattering light which, without sacrificing a single element of truth, shows them off in the most attractive colors, the satisfaction is naturally unalloyed.

This was the secret of the vast popularity of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and of the universal propensity of all the pretty women and the aristocratic magnates of Europe to be handed down to posterity by his pencil. This, too, in our day, has made the fortune of the celebrated Dubufe (the elder), and of the great Prussian Hengel, the two contemporary painters who occur to us at this moment as possessing this peculiar talent with which we credit Mr. Fagnani. Of the degree in which Mr. Fagnani is endowed with this enviable faculty, those who are acquainted with the originals of the portraits in question, or with those of various European celebrities, also to be seen in his studio, will be able to form their opinions. To this end we repeat our recommendation to all amateurs to go and refresh their classic reminiscences and their patriotic aspirations by judging for themselves of the charms and merits of the Nine Muses.



## TABLE-TALK.

THE first Promenade Concert and Reception of the Twenty-second Regiment, at the Academy of Music, on the evening of the 1st of April, revealed the fact that the Seventh must hereafter confront a formidable rival in its chosen field; for the affair was so decided a success that we presume it will be made an annual institution. Though a trifle less brilliant in point of numbers and costliness of toilette than the reception of the Seventh—necessarily so, because less premeditated and in a manner experimental—it was, if anything, for that very reason more enjoyable and quite as irreproachably select. The dancing was attended with more comfort than is usually attainable at Academy balls, the music was superb, and all the arrangements admirable. But while we are on the subject we may as well make two suggestions which, it seems to us, would materially add to the enjoyment of such occasions at the Academy of Music. The first is to run the dancing-floor up to the walls, as is done in European theatres, covering all the parquet seats, and increasing the actual area for dancing by at least a third. The other is to form two lines of coaches, one of public hacks, to come up through Fourteenth Street from Third Avenue, receive passengers at the door, and drive off through Fourteenth Street and Fourth Avenue; the other of private coaches, to come up through Fifteenth Street from Third Avenue, meet the other line at the door, and drive away through Fifteenth Street and Fourth Avenue as before, or up Irving Place. This would obviate the disagreeable necessity which now obliges ladies, distrustful of the cleanliness of the licensed hacks, to walk nearly a square in some instances in order to reach their own private or hired conveyances. Neither of these suggestions is of much importance just now, as with these two receptions the ball season of 1868-69 has doubtless come to an end; but they may be found useful next winter. Enjoyment is easily converted into positive wretchedness by the slightest *contretemps*, and it is impossible to exercise too much care in managing the apparently trifling details of the Academy balls. A commendable effort in this direction was made in the perfumed programmes of the Seventh's reception, which were certainly elegant, though not so unique or striking as the Maltese-cross-shaped dancing orders of the Twenty-second. The latter, which is, we believe, one of the youngest of our city militia organizations, is also one of the most energetic and enterprising. Not more plainly in the character of the people whom they draw to their concerts and balls is their social worth indicated, than by their systematic practice of target-firing in camp and at their armory is shown an honorable ambition to be citizen soldiers in something more than name, which it would be well for all our militia regiments to emulate. Dress parades and the glory of military fuss and feathers may win much applause from sympathizing sisters and enthusiastic sweethearts, but they do not make the stuff that repels invasion or carries batteries. In nothing were our North-Eastern regiments more deficient at the breaking out of the rebellion than in the use and management of fire-arms; the militia is the school where that lack is to be remedied.

A POINT of some interest, touching the occupation of one of the ancestors of Henry Ward Beecher, has been started by the conflicting reports which appeared in the papers in the report of that gentleman's recent speech at the Free-trade meeting in Brooklyn. Mr. Beecher, speaking of the interests of organized capital as being opposed to those of the unprotected laborer, said he never could forget the class from which he had sprung, being "a working-man himself, and the son of a working-man, who was the son of a working-man, whose father was a working-man." He then added, according to the *World*, which contained the best, though still a very inaccurate, report of his speech, by a reporter whose English is defective, and who calls Louis Kossuth Louis *Cachot*, with other errors nearly as gross: "My grandfather was a saddler, my great-grandfather a saddler, my great-grandfather a blacksmith, and my father was a farmer, till they found he was no good for that, and so made a minister of him." The *Times*, however, made him say: "My great-grandfather's father was a saddler, and his son was a saddler. My grandfather was a blacksmith, and my father a farmer, until they found him worthless for that, and made him a minister." While the other dailies ring various changes on the blacksmith's anvil till we are quite at a loss to divine whether it was the father, the grandfather, the great-grandfather, or the great-great-grandfather who was the worthy representative of the famous Tubal Cain. Who can enlighten us?

VERY recently the ship *Chieftain* reached this port from Calcutta, having been safely piloted across two stormy oceans by a woman. Captain Macguire was prostrated with fever at Calcutta and was unable to assume command, and the mates were inexperienced and incompetent; but his wife, who accompanied him, took his post and filled it bravely. She made all the observations herself. She kept the log-book. She was on deck at all hours of the day and night. She watched the barometer. She noted the shifting clouds and varying breezes. But in the midst of her multifarious duties she was unremitting in her attention to her husband. In the sick chamber she was soft, soothing, and tender; on deck she was stern, unyielding, peremptory. The sailors were well disciplined and obedient, the weather favorable, the voyage short and prosperous. That was being strong-minded to some purpose.

WE notice in the Denver papers that at the recent reception of Governor Evans, President of the Denver and Pacific Railroad Company, on his return from Washington, where he succeeded in effecting the passage of the act legalizing the transfer of a portion of the land grant of the Kansas Pacific Railroad Company, and securing to Denver the western terminus of the Kansas Pacific Railway, the welcoming address was delivered by the Hon. George W. Purkins, judge of the Supreme Court, who in a few eloquent words congratulated Mr. Evans, and presented him with the complimentary resolutions passed by the Board of Trade.

WE have received from Mr. Christern, University Place, New York, a copy of the first number of the *Revue Internationale de l'Art et de la Curiosité*, recently started in Paris, under the editorship of M. Ernest Feydeau. It is a large octavo of 88 pages, and appears monthly. Among the contents are several interesting papers on art in its educational and social aspects, a visit to the Louvre, and an account of the sale at Lyons of a unique collection of curious specimens of art, gathered together by a M. Laforge regardless of expense.

The artist, connoisseur, and the antique art collector will find it a *mélange* suited to their tastes.

MR. C. A. DANA has refused the appointment of Appraiser to the port of New York—we take leave to add to our great satisfaction. The appointment was an affront not only to Mr. Dana, but to the press of which he is so distinguished an ornament and representative, and we rejoice that the President has been informed of the fact in a suitable manner.

SOME interesting sketches of the great steamship lines between Europe and New York have recently appeared in *Boyd's Shipping Gazette*, a semi-monthly journal, replete with information touching the movements of our local marine. The latest number contained descriptions of the Anchor and Guion lines, running between this port and Glasgow and Liverpool.

THE subject of emigration seems to be exciting at present unusual attention in England. The government has determined to provide a number of the discharged dockyard men with a free passage to Canada, and Miss Rye, who has taken so prominent a part in sending out marriageable females to Australia and New Zealand, has now undertaken a project to convey "gutter children" to Canada and the Western States of this country. Many of the dockyard men will find their way into our Western territories and be welcomed there; but the juvenile scum of English cities are wanted neither there nor in Canada. If Miss Rye could send cargoes of adult, decent if poor, females to the upper regions of the New Dominion, or our mining territories, etc., such an achievement would be satisfactory to all parties. The attempt, however, to direct British emigration to the Hudson's Bay territory is perfectly futile; a mere kicking against the pricks which nature has interposed to any settlement there, so long as extensive fields in sunnier climes are yet unoccupied.

AMONG a number of interesting relics of the first Napoleon, recently bequeathed to the Prince Imperial by the Princess Baciocchi, were the tricolored scarf which General Bonaparte wore when he visited at Jaffa the persons attacked by the plague; the spurs which he had on at the battle of the Pyramids; several snuff-boxes belonging to the emperor; also the one left behind by Louis XVIII. on the table when he took his departure just before the Hundred Days; several volumes annotated by the emperor, and among them the *Voyage du Jeune Anacharsis en Grèce* and the *Aventures de Télémaque*; likewise a quantity of silver-gilt plate used by his Majesty at St. Helena.

AN old picture has been discovered in a furniture-dealer's shop at Windsor which proves to be a genuine Ruysdael. The subject is a woodland scene, with a cottage, ruins, and brook, and several figures. It is a gem of art, and has a number of the painter's private marks as well as his signature. Jacob Ruysdael painted in the seventeenth century, and the value of this picture, which has been examined by a number of connoisseurs, is set at several hundred guineas.

*Black and White*, by Wilkie Collins and Mr. Fechter; *The Man of Two Lives*, a dramatic version of Hugo's *Les Misérables*; *Home, School, and Dreams*, by Mr. Robertson; *Won by a Head*, by Tom Taylor; *Joan of Arc*, burlesque by William Brough; *Claude Duval*, extravaganza, by Mr. Burnand; and *Minnie, or Leonard's Love*, were the principal Easter pieces at the London theatres. Among other novelties, too, were the revival of *Nobody's Child*, *Light in the Dark*, *The Lancashire Lass*, *The Yellow Passport*, and *Forsaken, an Every-day Story*.

THE Cunard contract for the mails between Great Britain and this country having been ratified by Parliament, that company is about to build two new screw steamships of upwards of three thousand tons burden, and specially adapted to the requirements of the service. The vessels are to be called *Abyssinia* and *Algeria*.

THE *Calcutta Englishman* states that the Hon. Charles D. Poston, accompanied by Colonel Grant, United States army, has arrived in that city on a special mission from the United States, to inquire into and report on the condition of agriculture and irrigation in India. The authorities there have issued orders to grant them all due attention, and give them every facility in the prosecution of their mission.

## CHESS.

THE preliminary arrangements for another Tournament at the Café Europa Chess Rooms, in Division Street, have just been completed, and judging from the number of strong players who have recently joined the ranks of the habitués of these well-known Chess Rooms, the present Tourney promises to be at least as successful as either of the two preceding contests held in the same "locale."

The rules and regulations of the coming Tournament differ somewhat from those governing the former encounters, Messrs. Stanley and Wernich (who have kindly consented to act as the committee of management) having judiciously adopted the plan of dividing the players into two separate classes; the first and second class being entirely distinct from each other. The system of handicapping will still be preserved, but not to the extent of giving such enormous odds as was customary in the previous Tournaments, it being intended that no player in the first class shall receive more than a Knight from a superior player. The entrance fee is one dollar, and there will be four prizes in each class.

Play is to commence on Monday, the 3d of May next, before which time, however, we are informed there will be considerable improvements and alterations made on the premises for the accommodation of Chess-players.

## GAME XLIX.

Between Messrs. Thompson and Mackenzie, the latter giving the odds of Pawn and move.

## REMOVE BLACK'S KBP.

## WHITE—Mr. T.

1. P to Q4
2. Kt to QB3
3. P to KB3
4. P to K4
5. B to KB4
6. P takes P
7. Kt to QK5

Black would have done better to have checked with Bishop, and then retired it to QR4, as the Kt at R3 remains for a long time out of play.

8. Q to K2 ch
9. K to B2
10. Bishop to K2 would be equally good.

## BLACK—Mr. M.

1. P to Q4
2. B to KB4
3. P to K3
4. B to KKt3
5. Kt to KB3
6. P takes P
7. Kt to QR3
8. K to B2
9. B to Kt5 ch
10. R to K
11. B to QR4
12. K to Kt
13. B to KB2
14. Kt to Q2
15. Kt takes B
16. P to QB3
17. P to QKt4
18. P to Kt14

We believe that White might have advantageously taken the QBP with Kt.

## 18. Q to Q3

With the intention of capturing QBP with Bishop.

## 19. P to QKt4

Probably Black's best move under existing circumstances.

## 20. P takes Kt

## 21. Kt to QB2

## 22. Q to KB3

## 23. B to Q3

## 24. Q to KK3

## 25. Kt takes QB

## 26. K to Kt

## 27. KR to KB

## 28. R to KB4

## 29. QR to KB

## 30. P takes P

## 31. K to B

## 32. P to KB3

## 33. Q to Kt4

## 34. R to KB7

## 35. R to K2

## 20. B takes P

## 21. B to QB6

## 22. P to QKt5

## 23. R to K2

## 24. P to Kt3

## 25. Q takes KB ch

## 26. Q takes Kt

## 27. Q to KKt2

## 28. K to QKt

## 29. P to QKt6

## 30. R takes P ch

## 31. R to QKt

Black was afraid of the check with Rook at B5, as in the present state of affairs the exchange of Queen for two Rooks would not be desirable.

32. P to KKt5

Doubling the Rooks would not have availed him much.

## 33. P to QB4

## 34. Q to K2



A tempting move, but at the same time a very bad one for White.

35. R fr Q2 to QKt2

After this White, we believe, must lose a piece.

36. B to QKt5

He seems to have nothing better left.

37. Q to QB8 ch  
38. R takes Q  
39. K to Q  
40. K to K2

36. R takes B  
37. R takes Q  
38. P takes QP  
39. R to Kt8 ch  
40. P to Q6 ch

And wins.

### CAME L.

Played in Dundee, Scotland, between Dr. Fraser and Mr. G. B. Fraser.

#### EVANS' GAMBIT.

WHITE—Dr. F. BLACK—Mr. F.  
1. P to K4 1. P to K4  
2. Kt to KB3 2. Kt to QB3  
3. B to QB4 3. B to QB4  
4. P to OKt4 4. B takes P  
5. P to QB3 5. B to QB4  
6. P to Q4 6. P takes P  
7. Castles 7. P to Q3  
8. P takes P 8. B to QKt3  
9. R to K

Unless properly answered, this move, which is a comparative novelty in the Evans' Gambit, gives the first player a very strong attack.

We believe this to be the best reply to White's last move.

10. B takes BP ch  
A daring sacrifice, which leads to an interesting game.

11. Kt to KKt5 ch  
12. P to K5  
13. R to K4

White evidently could win a piece by checking with Queen at B3, but as in doing so he would lose all attack, he wisely adopted a different course.

14. P to Q5  
15. B to QR3 ch

King to K is the proper play.

16. P to Q6

Having in view a deadly check at QKt3.

17. B takes P  
18. K to R

Obviously better than capturing Bishop.

19. Kt to QB3  
20. B takes KP  
21. QKt takes Kt  
22. K to QKt

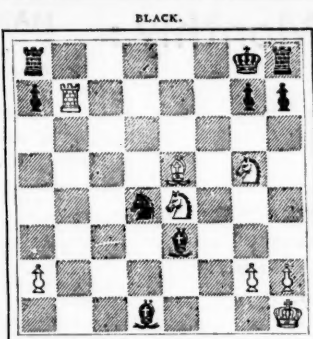
Black defends himself with great skill and tenacity.

23. R takes Q  
24. R takes QKtP

Had Black played Kt to KB4, at the first glance a very natural looking move, White would have checkmated him in three moves, as follows:

25. R takes KtP ch  
26. Kt to B6 ch  
27. B to Q6 mate

We give a diagram of the situation prior to Black's 24th move.



WHITE. 25. Kt takes B 25. R to K  
26. R takes KtP ch

And the game was drawn by perpetual check.

### CAME LI.

Played in Berlin between Messrs. Neumann and Knorre.

#### PHILIDOR'S DEFENCE.

WHITE—Mr. N. BLACK—Mr. K.  
1. P to K4 1. P to K4  
2. Kt to KB3 2. P to Q3  
3. P to Q4 3. P takes P  
4. Q takes QP 4. Kt to QB3  
5. B to QKt5 5. KKt to K4

Bishop to Q2 is more commonly played, but the move in the text appears to be equally satisfactory.

6. B to KKt5 6. B to Q2  
7. KB takes Kt 7. Kt takes B

Well played.

8. Q to QB3 8. P to KB3  
9. B to KR4 9. Q to K2  
10. Castles 10. Castles  
11. QKt to Q2 11. P to KKt4

The attack now commenced is admirably sustained by Mr. Knorre, who in this little "partie" completely outplays his formidable antagonist.

12. B to KKt3 12. P to KR4  
13. P to KR4 13. R to KKt  
14. P to QR4 14. B to KKt2  
15. Q to QR3 15. P to KKt5  
16. Kt to K 16. P to KB4  
17. P takes KBP 17. Kt to Q5  
18. Q to K3 18. Kt to K7 ch  
19. K to R

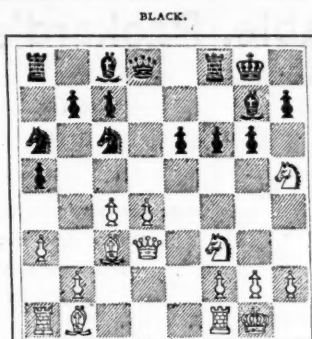
An extraordinary blunder for a player of Mr. Neumann's calibre to commit. He ought of course to have moved K to R2, though even then his opponent must still have won; the following moves occurred in a back game from this point:

19. K to R2 19. B to K4  
20. K to R 20. Kt to Q5

And wins.

And White resigns, as he must lose a Rook.

END GAME.—In a game played between Messrs. Schallopp and Hein, of the Berlin Chess Club, the following pretty position arose:



Mr. Schallopp, who was playing the White pieces, had to move, and the game was continued as follows:

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. W. W., Cincinnati Ohio.—Your letter has been received. We shall write you in a few days.

T. L., Newark.—A copy of the work referred to (*American Chess Nuts*) may be had by applying at the Round Table office.

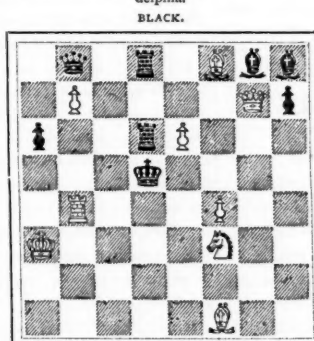
W. E. T., Philadelphia.—There is not much likelihood of the New York Chess Club issuing any such challenge after their experience in the telegraphic match with Detroit, which lasted, we believe, nearly thirty days!

J. N. B., Chicago; T. H., Troy, N. Y.; J. D., Baltimore, Md.—Solutions correct.

NEW YORK VERSUS BROOKLYN.—The fourth consultation game between the respective Clubs of Brooklyn and New York took place at the Brooklyn Chess Club on the evening of Friday, the 16th inst. The game, which was not by any means up to the usual mark of the Brooklyn champions, was resigned by them on the 33d move, after a contest of about two hours' duration.

MATCH BETWEEN MESSRS. NEUMANN AND ROSENTHAL.—We learn from the *Neue Berliner Schachzeitung* that the match between Messrs. Neumann and Rosenthal was brought to an abrupt conclusion by

PROBLEM XXXIII. By Mr. W. E. Tinney, Philadelphia.



WHITE. White to play and checkmate in three moves.

1. P to Q5 1. P takes P  
2. P takes P 2. B to KB4  
3. Q takes B  
A very ingenious sacrifice, which forces the game.  
4. P takes Kt 3. P takes Q  
If P to KR3, the following is a likely continuation:  
4. P to QKt3  
5. P takes QKtP 4. P to KK3  
6. B to QR2 ch 5. R to QKt  
7. KR to K 6. K to R2  
8. Kt to KR4 7. KR to K  
9. B to KB7 8. R takes KtP  
10. R takes R 9. R takes R ch  
11. B to Kt6 ch 10. Q to Q6  
12. Kt takes KBP 11. K to Kt  
And wins.

5. B to QR2 ch 5. K to R  
6. KR to K 6. R to K  
7. Kt to Kt5 7. R takes R ch  
8. R takes R 8. Q to QKt  
If Queen goes to KB, White's reply is Kt to K6.  
9. R to K7 9. Q to KB  
10. Kt to B7 ch 10. K to Kt  
11. Kt to R6 dbl ch 11. K to R  
12. Kt takes KBP  
And wins.

the resignation of the latter gentleman, after he had scored one game and lost two. Since then another match has been commenced between the same players, in which the score, according to our latest advices, is as follows: Neumann, 1; Rosenthal, 1; drawn, 1. According to the terms of the match the winner of the first five games is to be declared the victor.

#### SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

##### PROBLEM XXXI.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. B to QB6 1. B takes Q ch (a)  
2. K takes B 2. Any move  
3. R discovers mate (a)

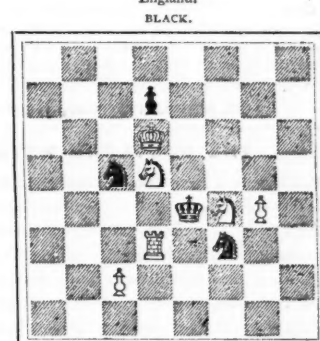
2. Q takes B 1. B takes B (b)  
3. R dis mate 2. Any move (b)

2. R to QKt dis ch 1. Kt to QB6 dis ch  
3. Q takes B mate 2. B takes B

##### PROBLEM XXXII.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Q to K 1. Any move.  
2. Q or Kt mates

PROBLEM XXXIV. By Mr. J. Brown, of Bridport, England.



WHITE. White to play and checkmate in three moves.

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